

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 30, 1967

40 CENTS

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Next week

ANOTHER CHALLENGER takes on Muhammad Ali on Feb. 6. Tex Maule appraises the chances of the WBA champion, Ernie Terrell, in his fight with Ali Babble in Houston.

A PRECOCIOUS UPSTART named Willie is the youngest English springer spaniel ever to win a National field trial championship. A color essay of the action at the National.

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SCORECARD

1.6 AND ALL THAT

It now seems likely that the NCAA basketball championships will be held without Princeton, the NCAA fencing championships without Columbia, the NCAA hockey championships without Cornell and the NCAA swimming championships without Yale. Which is a pity since, to varying degrees, all four teams would have had good shots at the titles. Princeton is the fifth-ranked basketball team in the country; Columbia, the 1965 NCAA fencing champion, has already beaten last year's winner, NYU; Cornell has one of the two best hockey teams in the East; and the Yale swimmers would be a contender even if they didn't include Don Schollander.

As it was last year, the reason for the Ivies' absence is the unwillingness of the presidents of the league's schools to come to terms with the NCAA rule which requires that, to be eligible for a championship, student-athletes 1) show promise of doing 1.6 (or C-) work upon admission and 2) actually do 1.6 work.

The Ivy League, and a number of other schools, are against the 1.6 rule because they claim it violates a school's autonomy: its right to determine its admissions policy and eligibility requirements. In line with what we said a year ago (SI, March 21), this principle or point of honor seems to us to be so lofty or noble as to be faintly ludicrous—indeed, more becoming Burt L. Standish's version of the Ivy League—especially since the rule in no way dictates who a school may or may not admit, but merely states, with great liberality, who may not compete.

At the NCAA convention in Houston earlier this month, the ECAC, to which the Ivy League belongs, sought to eliminate the 1.6 rule, but was outvoted 153-113. However, only 83 of the 146 eligible ECAC members were represented. Next year the NCAA will meet in New York, where, presumably, more ECAC representatives will find it convenient to attend, and the rule may then be reinterpreted or repealed.

However, this is of little comfort to those now competing in basketball for Princeton, hockey for Cornell, fencing for Columbia and swimming for Yale. The Ivy League presidents are likely to be around for some time, but many of these athletes won't. To pose just one question: Is it meet that Schollander, who won four gold medals for his country in the Tokyo Olympics, cannot win just one NCAA medal for Yale?

END-ELIGIBLE PLAY

It's not that Steve Spurrier doesn't have room for another trophy alongside the Heisman, the Washington Touchdown Club award, the Outstanding Florida Sports Personality award, the *Nashville Banner* Southeastern Conference Most Valuable Player award and the Birmingham Quarterback Club Southeastern Back of the Year award. It's just that, marvelous as he may be, Spurrier can't be in two places at the same time.

Last Saturday the Atlanta Touchdown Club wanted to give him the Southeast Back of the Year award, but that night Spurrier had to be in Daytona Beach, Fla. to accept a trophy as Florida's Outstanding Football Player.

So the Atlanta Touchdown Club presented the Southeast Back of the Year award to Ray Perkins of Alabama. Under the circumstances, we guess it's O.K. that Perkins is a split end.

NO GIN FOR THE MEN OF THE GEM

At first glance, it would seem that Sid Gillman, the general manager and head coach of the San Diego Chargers, would be of as much help in readying *Columbia*, the 1958 America's Cup winner, for this summer's cup trials as, say, Soupy Sales. "I've never been on a yacht," says Gillman, "let alone know anything about competitive sailing."

Nonetheless, Thomas Patrick Dougan, an Upjohn executive who is the new owner of *Columbia*, asked Gillman to address his crew. "I talked about the basic organization that is required for

any project to be successful, whether it is winning a football game or a yacht race," says Gillman in his most coachy manner. "We went over what it takes to get a football team ready and arrived at a conclusion that there was a similar correlation with a yachting crew of such numbers. Discipline is the most integral factor for readiness, whether it be on the field or on the water. Every man in that crew, just as every man on a football team, has a job for which he is responsible. He must prepare himself to do it."

Says Dougan: "Sid made various suggestions to each crewman, based on the need of the position on the boat rather than the shape or the size of the person."

Adds Gillman: "I also told them to eliminate the martini time at the yacht club and substitute food supplements."

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

It was no surprise to hear that Pro Golfers Jock Hutchison, 52, Fred Haas, 51, Chuck Harbert, 52, and Henry Williams, 50, are half of four father-and-son combinations teeing up in a Florida golf tournament this week. After all, each is married and has children. The shock came in learning that they are the sons. The tournament is the PGA seniors



championship, and Jock Hutchison Sr., 82, Fred Haas Sr., 75, Pop Harbert, 78, and Henry Williams Sr., 73, are playing right along with their kids. All of which means that golf is either an incurable disease or a blessed tonic for long life.

SILENT SPRING RETURNS

Until recently Joe Foss, 51, the robust, 6-foot World War II flying ace, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, ex-governor of South Dakota, first commis-



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Silence Reigns when Japan's Tosas Fight

There is no noise, not even a growl, and no betting, either, at Japan's perfectly legal dogfights. And the big, well-mannered Tosa dogs bred for the fighting ring seem to like it that way

by DONALD PLOSKI

There are 25,000 registered fighting dogs in Japan, where dogfighting is still legal, although a growing body of humanitarians wants to outlaw it. Japan's dogfight fans include doctors, lawyers, farmers, miners, laborers and even company executives, but their interest is less in the outcome than in the sport itself. Strangely enough, for a country that has mastered the art of miniaturization, the Japanese fighting dog, known as the Tosa, is rather large. The Japanese say he is a descendant of the old English mastiff, a massive beast that sometimes weighed as much as 200 pounds.

Japanese tradition has it that the modern Tosa originated in the 17th century, when an English frigate struck a reef in Tosa Bay on the eastern side of Shikoku, the smallest of the four Japanese home islands. The Japanese of that distant day

were not noted for their hospitality and what became of the captain and crew of the ship was never recorded. But in the wreckage of the frigate, according to the legend, the Japanese found a huge, brown dog, whose instinct as a fighter led him to defeat all the best local dogs.

Records were kept of this dog's bloodline. Through the years, the original Tosa strain was mixed with blood from the akita, a strong draft dog from northern Japan similar to a Siberian husky, the English bulldog and the English pointer. The English pointer cross produced a sprinkling of white, which persists today in the dainty white stockings often seen on a modern Tosa. However, the Tosa district is no longer the chief breeding area for the fighting dogs, which are bred all over Japan, many close to Tokyo.

The modern Tosa is still large; one recent champion weighed in at 154 pounds. This is heavier than the average fighting Tosa, whose weight is closer to 90 pounds. The Tosa often has the black muzzle of the English mastiff and is usually fawn in color. A chunky dog, 26 to 30 inches at the shoulder, with a full but not barreled chest and a powerful jaw, the Tosa has none of the sculptured musculature of a boxer or the statuesque tenseness of a Doberman pinscher. He is rather a shambling, rugged, not unfriendly fellow with the solid bulk of a football tackle.

Outside the fighting ring, the Tosa has the phlegmatic temperament of most massive dogs. Don't trouble him and he won't trouble you. He is surprisingly tolerant of smaller dogs, as long as they remain respectful. And, as with many

continued



AFTER MATCHES THE FIGHTING DOGS, LIKE SUMO WRESTLERS, ARE GARBED IN THE CEREMONIAL ROBES INDICATIVE OF THEIR RANKS

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Fighting Dogs *continues*

working breeds, the Tosa functions better when not subjected to cuddling, petting and other demonstrations of human affection. Tosa owners are unanimous in believing that too much affection makes a dog less capable of achieving and holding a fighting edge. Few Tosas are treated as family pets, and most are housed in large wooden cages. Perhaps because of this, they tend to be one-man dogs.

Tosas are trained to be fighters, but they are carefully kept away from serious combat with other dogs until they are at least 1½ years old. At that age, a Tosa will fight older, retired dogs for short periods of time, to develop his confidence and teach him the technique of fighting. Because the Japanese consider a silent dogfight more satisfying esthetically than a noisy one, Tosas must learn to fight without making a sound. If a young dog growls while fighting, he is reprimanded but is still encouraged to continue the fight. This lends an eerie quality to the contests, like the silence that prevails when Siamese fighting fish are battling to the death.

The dogs fight on a raised wooden platform covered with old carpeting in an octagonal ring, 15 feet wide. The dog owners and three referees perch around it during the fight, while the audience sits slightly below, as at a boxing match.

The Japanese, with their love of rank and ceremony, have designated three championship grades: Yokozuna, Ozeki and Sekiwaite—the same ranks used in classifying Sumo wrestling champions. The rules vary for different classes. In the championship classes, the dogs are allowed one minute of grace, during which they may growl or whine without forfeiting the match. The newer, unranked dogs are allowed two minutes of preparation time. Once this period is over, if either dog makes the slightest sound he will lose the match. Several matches are stopped during every tournament, when alert judges hear a sound the audience does not.

The time limit for a match is 30 minutes, but they rarely go the limit. If both dogs are on their feet fighting to the end, each is credited with a win. If excessive bleeding occurs, if one dog establishes immediate superiority over another or if one dog is unwilling to fight, the match is halted.

After a particularly hard exchange, the judges will often stop the fight to

look the dogs over. If a dog sits down from exhaustion, he must regain his feet within three minutes or lose. Tosas will sometimes lean on each other, ribs pounding, paws thrown over their opponent's shoulders, and ignore the cries of their owners and the crowd to mix it up. If one dog begins fighting within three minutes and the other does not, the non-fighter loses. Experienced dogs seem to fight by the rules, resting periodically before starting in again.

The Japanese fans' attitude toward dogfighting is best understood when one realizes there is no gambling or betting. Tosas are fought strictly for sport, and when a judge stops a fight, his decision is never protested.

The atmosphere of a Japanese dogfight is like that of a family picnic. Men bring their wives and children, sit on straw mats and enjoy the spectacle. After the matches, owners bathe their dogs, dress them in the championship belt and robe proper to their status and parade them in front of the crowd. Silver loving cups, championship trophies and flags are presented to both winners and losers. Many bows and congratulations are exchanged and much good-humored chaffing goes on between the owners. Challenges are called as the crowd applauds the official announcement of a dog's victory or promotion to a higher championship class.

At the last prefectural (countywide) tournament in Ito, 70 miles south of Tokyo, a famous local champion suddenly refused to fight. His owner, wearing the heavy plus fours, two-toed cloth boots and English cap of the Japanese worker on a holiday, leaped into the ring to explain that his dog was nervous in front of such a large crowd. The owner tipped his cap and bowed low in four directions before leading his peace-loving dog away to wild applause.

Those in favor of the sport point out that a Tosa has never been killed or crippled in a fight. A veterinarian is always present and his decision to stop a fight, like that of the referee, is never protested. Legal dogfighting in Japan is vastly different from the illegal sport conducted on remote farms in the United States by gamblers and coarse-grained owners. The Japanese sincerely believe their gigantic dogs enjoy the matches.

"Their tails wag as they fight, thus do they not fight with pleasure?" an old man asked me. **END**

sioner of the American Football League and renowned hunter, had never heard of Rachel Carson or her book, *The Silent Spring*. Now Foss is an ardent disciple of the late author's cause.

Last October, following an alarming loss of weight and strength, Foss checked into the Mayo Clinic. But two lengthy stays were of no benefit. "I had been in superb condition," Foss recalls. "I weighed 188 and ran two miles and did 120 push-ups every day. I figured I was tough enough to beat anything, but there I was slowly dying from something the doctors couldn't find."

Foss's weight had dropped to 154 and he could no longer walk when a lab report turned up large quantities of arsenic in his system. Evidently somebody was trying to poison him. But, as Foss says, "Now that I was out of pro football I couldn't think of anybody mad enough to kill me."

In mid-December the case was dramatically solved. The killer was found on a cutting-room floor—literally. Before he went to the clinic Foss had filmed 12 episodes of a TV series called *The Outdoorsman*, in Wyoming, Colorado and South Dakota. By examining unused film, it was discovered that at the end of each take he would stick a blade of grass or a weed stalk in his mouth and chew on it. Foss had been poisoned by chemical compounds used for spraying fields.

"I'll never chew a blade of grass, or eat an apple off a tree or a tomato from a vine," Foss vows. "Whatever fruit, vegetable or plant that goes into my mouth will be washed, soaked and scrubbed. And that should be a rule for everyone. Death is close by. Closer than any of us realize, and I don't mean the bomb or the Chinese Reds or even bacterial warfare."

HYBRID HYDRO

Perhaps the most remarkable boat displayed at the New York National Boat Show this year was a hydrofoil called the Forte, which is the first consumer product to be jointly manufactured by the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. The Forte's 28-foot aluminum hull and stainless-steel foils are made in Russia, the rest of her is American, including either a Crusader (190 hp) or Chrysler (150 hp) engine.

The Forte is being sold here for about \$10,000 by the Satra (for Soviet-American trade) Corporation of New York.

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SCORECARD continued

According to Ara Oztemel, Satra's president, it took a year to persuade the Russians to have her refitted and powered with U.S. equipment.

"They thought we might cheapen it up," says Oztemel, who is so optimistic about the market for the boat that he has imported 50, and more than 10 have been sold to date. But what puts a visionary gleam in Oztemel's eye is what the Forte might lead to. "We're going to try to sell Russian cabin cruisers," he says. "They've never caught on to overnight pleasure trips. Not only that, we might interest them in golf. The area around the Black Sea is ideal for golf courses. And after that, there's bowling. Now that we've bought their hydrofoil, maybe we can sell them on bowling."

LUNAR DERBY

The Russians are 5 to 1 to put a man on the moon between July 1 and the end of the year. The source for this quotation is Joe Coral, a London bookmaker, who customarily deals with such mundane activities as the Epsom Derby. Coral has posted odds for six-month periods beginning this month and concluding Dec. 31, 1975, which reflect his belief that Russia has the early foot in this particular race. An abbreviated list of Coral's offerings:

U.S.	PERIOD	U.S.S.R.
66-1	Jan.-June 1967	25-1
20-1	July-Dec. 1967	5-1
7-1	Jan.-June 1968	5-1
7-1	July-Dec. 1968	6-1
8-1	Jan.-June 1969	8-1
16-1	July-Dec. 1970	16-1
250-1	July-Dec. 1975	250-1

IN THE BAG

Chemical repellents, dyes, bubble curtains, electric shocks and a punch in the nose have all been recommended, at one time or another, as means of safeguarding swimmers from sharks. Alas, they haven't always worked. Now Dr. Albert L. Tester of the University of Hawaii, Dr. C. Scott Johnson of the Naval Marine Biology Laboratory at Point Mugu, Calif. and Dr. Perry Gilbert of Cornell have come up with the best all-round protection yet—a plastic bag. Not a dry cleaner's plastic bag, but a round, opaque, black nylon bag, 27 inches in diameter, six feet long, equipped with a plastic outer coat and three yellow flotation collars.

The bag comes as a lightweight pack-

age, like a life jacket, and is shaken out before use. When immersed, it is filled to a point where the water level inside is about two inches above the water level outside. This makes the bag stable and prevents folds or bulges, on which a shark could inadvertently catch a tooth or tear with a fin or tail. Moreover, the bag prevents a wounded man's blood from spreading and attracting sharks, and in cold water provides insulation, for body heat will increase and maintain the water temperature within the bag.

The bags were tested with gray, black-tipped and white-tipped sharks in the Pacific and with tiger sharks near Bimini in the Atlantic. At Emwosok a graduate student named Charles Daniels tried out the bag by scattering dead fish both inside and out. Dr. Tester said he observed 20 to 30 sharks approach the bag and go into an eating frenzy. Only once did a shark rush the bag, but it turned away when its nose got within six inches.

"We found both captive and free sharks were unmotivated by food and tended to avoid the bag," Dr. Tester says. "The only contact came when they lost control and made a fin contact."

The bags are being distributed to U.S. Navy personnel serving in shark-infested waters, but the Navy will not mass-produce them until "they are proved during authentic emergency conditions." As far as Dr. Tester is concerned, the supreme test will be made in the presence of the great white shark, reputedly the worst man-eater of all. "Then," he says, "we will really know how perfect a protection the bag is."

HIGH-WATER MARK

As the old saying goes, a yacht is a hole in the water surrounded by wood into which money is poured. But suppose, in addition to boat, maintenance, insurance, hauling, mooring, etc., a yachtsman had to pay for water. Well, at the bar of the New York National Boat Show a glass of water cost 15¢.

THEY SAID IT

• Don Kennedy, St. Peter's College basketball coach, on Harry Laurie, his star 6'1" rebounder. "He doesn't really get up that high, but he has the tallest fingers in the world."

• Ed Hurley, Minneapolis heavyweight, before his bout with 6'8" Jim Beattie, which he lost: "It should be a hell of a fight. I wish I could watch it."

END

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Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 30, 1987

A SUDDEN STREAK FOR



NANCY

Canada's Nancy Greene rocked the European ski circuit by winning four big races and getting a fast start toward the new World Cup title. The U.S. girls contented themselves with the cute-kids award **by DAN JENKINS**



Maybe the difference is that at the core every American girl is a teeny bopper. There has to be some hidden reason why girls from other lands keep skiing faster than girls from the U.S. It was proved again during the month of January, when the Alpine teams from 11 nations hurtled about the slopes of Germany, Switzerland and Austria in all of the big European meets. The only real change in things was that Canada's tigerish Nancy Greene showed into the elite with those French aerobats, Manic Gotschel and Anne Famosé. The main progress the Americans made was social. They looked cuter, smiled brighter, dressed better and danced sharper than any group before them. As the American downhiller, Ni Orsi, said, "They're not like their predecessors, man. They're not a bunch of nuns."

At Oberstaufen, Grindelwald and Schruns with U.S. Women's Coach Chuck Farnes, there were, in order of the attention they created, Suzy Chaffee, Sandy Shellworth, Robin Morning, Penny McCoy and Wendy Allen. Just their names sound like a Vegas chorus line, right? Suzy, Sandy, Robin, Penny and Wendy. They were there to race and try to win, to be sure, and they had done some pretty good things in the past. But it was either too early in the season for them, or they were too lonesome. Instead of charging into the fortress that is now French ski racing, they watched Nancy Greene do it with four startling victories and then watched the French bounce back.

Meanwhile, the good old American girls were, well, good old American girls.

They wrote notes to their boy friends, knitted caps for their boy friends, requested music for their boy friends—*Blue Nor Mi Love* was very big—and occasionally went searching for their boy friends.

"One thing you get with a teeny bopper is a lot of letters and cookies," said Jimmy Heuga, America's premier slalom racer, one evening in Wengen, Switzerland, where the U.S. men spent a losing week. He gets them from 17-year-old Penny McCoy.

"Heuga is the teeny-bopking of North America," said Orsi, who ended the joking and went off to his nightly bubble bath.

It was of more than casual interest to the girls that there were more American men racing in Europe than usual. Head Coach Bob Beattie had Heuga and nine others on the European circuit watching France's Jean-Claude Killy dominate the sport as he has for two years.

The girls constantly pressed Farnes with questions like "Where are the boys now?" and "Where do they go next?" And Farnes, whose job is not entirely enviable, answered them with such statements as "Cool it," and "Put away the knitting and start winning some points."

At one interval in Switzerland, when the girls were in Grindelwald and Beattie's boys were on the other side of the Eiger in Wengen, Farnes gave up and decided to change his tack. He took the girls by train to Wengen for a two-hour visit with the boys.

Suzy Chaffee, a modelish-looking 20-year-old blonde with a Doris Day smile, was first out on the platform *continued*

Seeing slightly through the post slalom at Grindelwald, Nancy Greene heads for her third victory of the season





Suzy Chaffee, with her Donna Day smile and superspeed pants, is a top U.S. prospect.

in a new purple Bogner pants suit. "Where are the Italians?" she yelled to a Swiss baggageman, who did what all Swiss do when you ask them questions. He stared blankly at the Jungfrau. Suzy dashed off and finally found Giovanni DiBona, an Italian racer with shaggy hair for whom she is knitting a cap.

Suzy emerged as the most interesting American on the trails, for she indeed has what Beattie calls "star quality." She writes stories for newspapers, most of them unsolicited and a lot of them about herself. She will put on her long blonde wig and do a jerk on the dance floor that will injure anyone near, but when an American television man labeled her affectionately as a "flake," she got mad. "That is not the image I want to project," she said. Suzy's image may one day become that of the best U.S. girl downhiller in history and also that of the team leader. "She can be the leader," said Ferries. "She goes faster than hell and likes it."

Suzy went fast but not fast enough in Europe. She got a fifth and an eighth in downhill at Grindelwald and Schruns. Not terrific, except her times were only a couple of seconds behind Nancy Greene and Marielle Goitschel, the winners. Slowly she was gaining the respect of the Europeans. Of Chaffee, Marielle Goitschel said, "She's strong and brave, but she skis crazy. Her skis sometimes go in all directions." While it was difficult ever to be unaware of Suzy's presence, she did not create the excitement she did at Vail, Colo. during December training. When the racers put on a Christmas show for the townspeople, her act was titled "The Ski Goddess from Vermont," and it involved Suzy, who is from Rutland by way of Mars or Jupiter, doing a modern interpretive dance in an ultratight stretch suit to the accompaniment of flute music she herself had recorded. "Tell me that's not flaky," said Heuga.

Compared to Suzy, the other American girls were reasonably quiet. There were several reasons. Sandy Shellworth, 22, was worrying about two love interests—one with the young man back home, and one with a Swiss doctor from Bern. "She should worry more about giant slalom," said Ferries. Sandy combed her long straight hair and labored five hours over letters to her admirers. "I feel tortured," she said. So did Ferries. Shellworth's best finish was a

12th in downhill at Schruns. Penny McCoy, a pert blonde about as tall as a boot but far more fetching, took less time on her notes to Heuga. She scribbled them hastily on scratch paper and slipped them into Bob Beattie's parka for delivery, but she also thought about skiing, which is good because Penny can be as good as anyone in slalom. She was third in the world championships in Portillo (SI, Aug. 15, 1966). Ferries also discovered notes from Penny on his pillow. They all exuded confidence, although Penny's fifth place at Grindelwald was her best showing. "I am going to win," the notes would say, and Ferries would grin and go to sleep, no doubt counting girl skiers jumping over Alps.

Robin Morning, 19, whose smile bubbles more than Orsi's baths, was as preoccupied as the others, mainly with Penny's brother on the men's team, Dennis (Poncho) McCoy. Ah, youth. Robin was once traipsing through the countryside and found a leaf; it was poetic, it reminded her of Poncho, she put it in a book. "Well, that's just so touching it makes me sick," said Penny. And everyone giggled. Robin managed to get an eighth in slalom at Schruns while pressing her skis together.

For a while in Schruns, Austria, a remote ski village on the other side of the Arlberg Pass from St. Anton, it looked as if the girls were finally going to break through with a good result. Wendy Allen, 22, ran a bristling slalom and tied Nancy Greene for third place behind Goitschel and Famose but, as Americans do from time to time, she missed a gate up on the icy course and was disqualified. A cute little brunette who plays a concert piano and who has flashes of greatness in slalom, Wendy keeps Ferries bothered. "She doesn't really fire out. She thinks she's aggressive, but she isn't—not as much as Suzy or Robin or even Penny. But in or out of love, the American girls are going to be O.K.," Ferries argued. "They're better than we've had. They're slow starters. We were tired coming here from a tough camp at Vail. We don't have a Jean Saubert yet, but Suzy could win a downhill anytime, Wendy could win a giant slalom and Penny could win a slalom. And the best part is that back home we've got about 10 more who are just about as good as these."

The sudden success of Nancy Greene had the Americans as psyched and bo-

wildered as it did the French and sagging Austrians. Nancy won the first two races of the big European season, a slalom and giant slalom at Oberstaufen. Then she went to Grindelwald and won the giant slalom and the downhill. "The more you win, the easier it is," she said. She fell in the slalom, and Anne Famose won. But Nancy went on to capture four out of five events.

There seemed to be three reasons for Nancy's explosion. First of all, Marielle Goitschel was just getting into condition from an ankle injury she suffered in December in Val-d'Isère. Second, Austria's Erika Schuegger, the best women's downhiller, suffered a minor injury at Oberstaufen. Third, Nancy Greene is racing better than ever and, as the racers philosophically put it, "This is her turn."

It should be, Nancy is 23, but she has been racing on the major circuit since 1960. She is short, with bangs, a sly grin on her lips and an Esso tiger posted on her helmet. She is friendly but frank, a fiery competitor who will yell and slam her poles into the snow and weep at any racing disappointment. "She's great," says Bob Beattie. "She'll fight you to win. What's painful is that she grew up in Roseland [I.C.], only six miles from the U.S. I've been trying to get her to defect for five years."

When Nancy is right, no girl skis as fast. She has better technique in the high-speed turns and a finer feeling of the skis in a downhill than Erika Schuegger. And in slalom she has a lighter touch and a quicker turn than either Goitschel or Famose. When she goes, she really goes. But she gives up strength to all three, especially to Schuegger, a bony, flatland farm girl. On the downhill Schuegger is a bull who goes, as Marielle Goitschel says, "Bang! Bang! Bang!" Marielle adds, "She's a maniac. She barely avoids death."

If Schuegger is a bull, Goitschel is no calf. She's almost as big and strong in her specialty, the slaloms, and what is likely to keep her ahead of Nancy Greene is her near-perfect form and technique, and supreme confidence. At Schruns, for example, Nancy couldn't help feeling her luck was running out—because of the four victories—and Marielle, back in top condition, was itching to beat her.

Said Nancy, "I've gotten eulogies from all over, from mayors of Canadian towns, from former racers, from the Governor General, everybody. It's been



Czech former shepherdess Wendy, Penny, Sandy, Robin and Zozy to Grindelwald downhill.

great. I'm going to put them in a scrapbook, and when I start losing I'll read them and maybe my confidence will come back."

And Marielle said, "She's going to lose because she doesn't think enough. It's all a chance with her. We think during a race, we French." Then she added comically, "But I'm going to win because of Jean-Claude Killy. He has won the Laubhorn now, and they're saying he's the greatest in the world."

So Marielle won the downhill and slalom at Schruns, and if competition with home-town-boy Killy is what sets Marielle going, watch out. That weekend he also won the Hahnenkamm, knocking five seconds off the downhill record set last year by Karl Schranz.

But no one could deny that Alpine racing has an important new star who has finally come into her own—Nancy Greene. While Marielle had come on to beat her at last, Nancy had finished fourth in the Schruns downhill and third in the slalom. Not bad at all, and the Americans would have traded pants suits for it. More important, Nancy was still building up points in the World Cup race, which has the whole ski-racing community excited because of the added interest it has caused.

The World Cup is a new competition

to be held annually to determine the best racers, men and women, in all events over an extended period of time—in this case, for a whole season or for roughly 10 big meets—from the Alps to the Rockies. Since a racer will count only his or her three best finishes in a slalom, giant slalom and downhill, Nancy Greene has a big start toward unseating Marielle Goitschel, particularly in giant slalom. Nancy has won two giant slaloms already. If she wins one more, she can do no worse than tie that section of the World Cup.

The big thing, however, is the overall World Cup championship, which will be won by the racer who accumulates the most points in all races at all 10 meets through the last one in late March at Jackson Hole, Wyo. When Nancy Greene left Europe last week, she was comfortably ahead of both Goitschel and Famose, who will cut into her lead while she goes home to race in Canada. But their rivalry will be renewed in the U.S. at Franconia, Vail and Jackson Hole a month later. It should be a thrilling match. And by then perhaps some American girls will be in the standings somewhere, although the chances are better that they will still be smiling, dancing and writing letters like all good teeny boppers should. **END**

A FEW HIGH FLYERS IN A HOPE-FILLED DEBUT

It was more promise than performance at Los Angeles, but young Jim Ryan and a couple of others showed they were ready to roll **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

He was afraid of himself and he was afraid of the opposition, but when last Saturday's Los Angeles Invitational indoor track meet was over 19-year-old Jim Ryan, the world record holder in the mile, breathed a sigh of relief and prepared once again to resume his astonishing running career. Ryan, now in his sophomore year at the University of Kansas, won the first really competitive mile race he has run since setting the world record of 3:51.3 last July. The time of 4:02.6 was ordinary, but for young Ryan this modest achievement glowed like an Olympic gold medal. "You're always so uncertain before the first race," he said, "especially at a time like this. This one is the big one. When you get the season started right it really helps."

Ryan had some excellent reasons for feeling that the season might start out very wrong. Training on uneven ground last September, he jarred his long, lanky body to such an extent that he suffered a severe muscle strain in his lower back. "It will go away," he thought, and continued to run each day. But despite daily taping and a special brace the pain persisted. On Oct. 1 he ran in a four-mile cross-country race and finished seventh. On Oct. 15 he again tried cross-country in a dual meet with Southern Illinois and finished second, but by that time the pain had become so intense he was forced to stop running and start taking whirlpool baths and sonic treatments.

After almost seven weeks of vexing idleness, he was finally able to begin workouts again. Then an attack of bronchitis sent him to the hospital for most of another week. It was getting close to Christmas before Ryan was finally able

to resume full-scale workouts. A runner at his high competitive level could fall hopelessly behind after such a long absence from training, but to his surprise Jim found himself easing almost directly into the program that he would have been following had he missed not a stride in training. By Jan. 11 he was fit enough to run and win both the half mile and mile in the annual freshman-varsity meet. His times were on the slow side but were comparable to what he had been doing exactly a year ago. "I was in better shape than I thought I could possibly be," he said.

So here he was in Los Angeles, on the starting line against a field of five others, including Dyrol Burleson, a two-time Olympian, and Tam Danielson, the second high-school miler (Ryan, of course, was the first) to run a mile under four minutes. In its way the field was a formidable one, and Ryan was apprehensive. Despite his surprising progress in training, he hardly felt fit enough for what might be a hard race. He was at the meet only because of a commitment he had made several weeks earlier. And he was worried about Burleson.

"I was very scared," Ryan said later. "I was scared of the shape I was in and the shape Burle was in. I know he doesn't like to run indoors, and I know he doesn't like to run period, unless he's ready. The only thing I could figure was that he was ready. The main thing you fear is not just the losing, but the way the race is lost. It can be terrifically frustrating. The man goes by you and you can't do anything about it. You say to yourself 'go,' but nothing happens, your legs are all tied up. You've really got the bear."



Bob Seagraves lost a world-record vault (right) when his pole passed illegally under the bar.



Had he known what was on Burleson's mind, Ryun would have felt considerably more at ease about getting the bear or anything else. "This is a kind of test race for me," Burleson said at supper five hours before the start of the race. "I've been training hard for six months, but I've been training completely alone. I've hardly had a clock on me at all. I have absolutely no idea where I stand, and I think this is a good time to find out."

The information was not long in coming. Ryun jumped into an immediate lead, which he just as quickly surrendered, first to an aggressive runner from New Zealand named Dave Surl and then to Danielson. He retook the lead with four laps to go, lost it to Tom Von Ruden, a strong runner not quite a year out of Oklahoma State, regained it on the backstretch of the final lap and won by a clear margin of five yards over Von Ruden. Burleson finished a close third.

"I'm pleased with that time," Ryun said. "It's pretty good for this time of the season. In spite of everything I'm just about where I should be."

There were some other pleasing performances. The veteran broad jumper Ralph Boston pulked out one big leap to stand off a surprising challenge from a 17-year-old Pasadena high school boy named Jerry Proctor. Good-looking Bob Seagren set a world indoor record in the pole vault but lost it on a technicality. Thirty-year-old Jim Grelle, who hopes to become a winner at two miles after a decade of losing at one, did so with a strong finish in a tactical race with 20-year-old Gerry Lindgren. And 19-year-old Richmond Flowers Jr., only three weeks before a star wingback on the Tennessee football team, was once again a hurdler, and one who thinks he can break the world record this summer. But this group—and Ryun—will have to be at its best and very busy to make this indoor season much of a success. Where indoor track is concerned, success, it seems, has bred failure. There are so many meets now—sometimes four in a single weekend—and there simply is not enough star material ready or willing to provide the exciting match-ups and new records that used to be the indoor track fan's steady diet.

Even the fans are in thin supply. The first major meet of the season, in San Francisco, sold only 5,700 seats in the 13,000-seat Cow Palace. The next one

—the Massachusetts K. of C. in the Boston Garden—filled only half of the 13,909 seats available. Even the AAU seems to be contributing to the effort to keep track fans home on winter weekends. Last Saturday night star competitors from West Germany and Australia were shuffled off to make cameo appearances at a relatively minor meet in Kansas City, while the top U.S. talent was trying to stir up some excitement in Los Angeles.

The excitement in Los Angeles was more in promise than in actual execution. Jerry Proctor, the versatile young Negro who sprints, hurdles and broad-jumps for Muir High School in Pasadena, four times betted what any high-school broad jumper had ever done, indoors or out, though his longest jump of 25 feet 10½ inches was topped by Ralph Boston's 26 feet 3¼ inches. Proctor is a relaxed, engaging youngster, who seems to be immune to pressure. "My goal? Oh, the world's record," he announced with a big grin after his last flight down the broad-jump runway. "That's all I want. And as soon as I can get it."

Bob Seagren, too, has more world records on his mind in the pole vault. He cleared 17 feet 2 inches for an indoor record, but the mark was nullified when his pole passed under the crossbar. "I'm getting awful sick of losing world records on that technicality," Seagren groaned. "That's the third time. But I think I can do 18 feet pretty soon. You've got to be able to put 32 little moves together perfectly, and I'm getting close."

Richmond Flowers had all four of his wisdom teeth yanked right after Tennessee's Gator Bowl victory over Syracuse on Dec. 31 and had been working on the hurdles only five days before flying out to Los Angeles. But, he, too, got on the world-record bandwagon after winning the 60-yard high hurdles. In the 120-yard high hurdles, the race he will specialize in during the outdoor season, the world record is currently 13.2 seconds.

"I'm aiming at 12.9," he said, "and I feel I have a real good shot at it."

And, of course, a healthy Jim Ryun is safely back in action. If the future performances of the Los Angeles winners match their early confidence, the indoor season may turn out to be not too tedious after all.

END

OLD STORY BUT A NEW JACK

For a while the weather tore up the Crosby, but on the last day it was Nicklaus—relatively thin and more determined than ever—who shredded the course and the opposition, too

by ALFRED WRIGHT

The Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur, which is normally played in spite of wind, sleet, snow and celebrities, is rarely a placid tournament, but it is not likely ever to produce more melodrama than it did last week, when Jack Nicklaus, out to prove this year that he is the ultimate golfer, won a duel with Bill Casper and Arnold Palmer. His victory came at Pebble Beach on a day that saw each of the three contenders play completely in character. Casper had the lead, but when consistent golf wouldn't hold it, he fell back. Palmer had it, but then, in a Palmeresque moment of boldness, tried to reach the par-5 14th hole

in two, and by the flick of a tiny tree branch ended up with a 9. And then Nicklaus, playing behind him, showed that Palmer's debacle hardly mattered in the long run as he birdied five of the last seven holes to finish with a 37-31—68, win the Crosby by five strokes and thus achieve the first of many goals he has set for himself this year.

During the preceding days, it had looked as if the Crosby was being played in shifts. With Casper, Nicklaus and Palmer each attacking a different course on the same day, they considerably took turns staging strange streaks of spectacular golf.

The opening act starred Nicklaus, who cruised confidently over Pebble Beach on Thursday with a three-under-par 69. It was not a breathtaking performance, but more the kind of steamroller golf that one expects from Nicklaus. On Friday, however, he stormed far ahead. With the wind now rising into the 40-knot range, he played almost faultless golf on the inland holes at Cypress Point. He was out in 32, five under par, and by the 14th hole he had built up what may well have been the biggest early lead in Crosby history, for on windswept Pebble Beach and the difficult new course, Spyglass Hill, scores were rising as fast as the barometer was falling. The best estimate was that Nicklaus was eight strokes ahead as he stood on the 15th tee at Cypress.

But this is the hole where Cypress, too, comes to meet the wind and sea. A little downhill par-3 of only 113 yards, it is normally nothing more than a punched wedge or nine-iron for Nicklaus, but since he was headed straight into the teeth of a gale, he elected to use a six-iron. It wasn't enough. He thought he hit the shot well, but the wind caught the ball and dropped it into the bunker in front of the green. He ended up with a double bogey. Now faced with the infamous 16th hole at Cypress, Nicklaus wisely decided to take the safe shortcut to the left rather than risk a 210-yard carry across the roiling surf and into the wind. He chose a three-iron for a shot that would be a nine-iron for him in still air. But again the wind caught the ball, dropping it on the edge of a cliff, from where it fell into the sea. This cost another double bogey. Finally, on 17 his long drive was carried some 50 yards off course by the wind blowing in from the ocean to his right. With the help of several hundred spectators the ball was eventually located under a nest of cypress trees as thick and grasping as



At the peak of the storm, near-hurricane winds almost break Nipstick on the 16th at Cypress.

a stygian spider web. Another penalty drop was followed by another double bogey—which meant six strokes lost to par in three consecutive holes and an abrupt halt to the Nicklaus runaway. But thanks to his early buddies, he still had a two-stroke lead on the field.

Overnight, Friday's windstorm became Saturday's williwaw. By noontime only two scores had been turned in—both 87. Nine-hole scores sounded like those from a Tuesday ladies' day. Billy Farrell, an early starter, made the turn at Pebble Beach in 55: the next day he played the whole course in 68. About noon Jack Tutthill, the PGA tournament director, was summoned to Pebble Beach's 7th hole, which is out on a promontory. "When I got there," Tutthill said afterward, "the sand was so thick I couldn't find anyone. I figured if I couldn't see the players it was time to quit." Play was suspended, and it was decided to complete the tournament on Sunday and Monday.

Only Nicklaus was unfuffled by the tempest as he played an excellent nine holes through it in 39 at Spyglass Hill, and he was giving evidence of more determination than he has ever shown this early in a season.

"Last year, my game never did get to be as sharp as I would like to have had it," he said that evening. "Although I won the Masters, I had played only four tournaments before it. I was often in a position to win, but I didn't. It just seemed as if I could never catch up after falling behind early in the year. This year I'm planning my schedule a lot differently. I'll be playing three tournaments out here in California and then four more down south before the Masters."

He is also starting this season in his best physical condition ever. "I'm six pounds under my usual weight at this time—210 instead of 216—and I expect to play myself down to less than 200," he said. "I watched my diet during the holidays."

But just when it seemed that lean and hungry Jack would have the Crosby all his own way last week, there suddenly arose a specter to haunt the field. Arnold Palmer.

Not since 1962 had Palmer made quite as spectacular a move as he did on Sunday at Cypress Point. A 74 on Thursday followed by a 75 at Pebble Beach on Friday, where he had gone eight over par on a stretch of ocean-side holes, had

left him far in the rack, tied for 33rd and seven strokes behind Nicklaus. A friend came up to Palmer Friday evening with the thought of consoling him and said a seven-stroke margin was not insurmountable, considering the bad weather. "You could wipe it out in three holes," he said. Arnold looked at him and said, "Two holes."

Palmer started his round at Cypress Point Sunday morning with two pars. On the 3rd hole he hit his approach 35 feet from the pin, but as he neared the green he told his amateur partner, Mark McCormack, "I have a feeling I am going to play a great round today."

"You mean starting now?" asked McCormack.

"Well, maybe on the next hole," said Palmer. Moments later, however, he sank the 35-footer for a birdie. On the next hole he hit a seven-iron within three feet of the cup for another birdie. On the 5th he sank a five-footer for a birdie, and then he birdied the 7th with a three-footer—four birdies in five holes. He birdied the 9th and 13th, with a bogey in between, and then at the 14th hit one of those spooky Arnold Palmer shots of yesteryear.

His approach to the 14th was far off line, and it bounced down a sudden bank on the right side of the green. He tried to hit a wedge up the bank, did not catch it quite firmly enough and saw the ball roll right back down the bank again and stop at his feet. With his splendid round now collapsing, he again hit the wedge. This time it flew onto the green—and into the cup for a par-4. After that, it was par the rest of the way for a 67 that put him into a tie with Nicklaus, who had struggled to a 74 at Spyglass, which because of its newness was in poor condition and giving all of the golfers trouble.

But, as if one of those rare head-to-head battles between Palmer and Nicklaus in their very first meeting of the year was not rich fare enough, along came quiet Bill Casper late Sunday afternoon to quietly enter the shoot-off. There was nothing startling about his 72-74 on Thursday and Friday, though they kept him nicely in contention. Nor was there anything tempestuous about his 69 at Pebble Beach on Sunday. It was just another display of his impeccable golf—a drive down the middle, a crisp approach shot to the green and down in two putts, or occasionally one. When he sank a 12-footer at 16 for his fourth

birdie of the day, Casper took the tournament lead by a stroke over Palmer and Nicklaus, and he held the lead through 18. Thus the dramatic final round was set up, a situation that evoked thoughts of Palmer vs. Casper in last year's U.S. Open, of Palmer vs. Nicklaus in a season opener that both wanted intensely, of Casper vs. The Big Guys, the two players whose fame and success he has openly resented. When it was all over Monday night and Nicklaus had the \$16,000 winner's check, which was not really important to him, and the victory, which was very important, even the jaded touring pros were talking about how this Crosby would be remembered for more than one kind of storm. **END**



Nothing could cool off the Nicklaus palmer.



Surrounded by three Kentucky Wesleyan players, SIU's Walt Frazier comes down with the rebound. He scored four of his team's last five points.

IN FROM THE THREE I LEAGUE

The Salukis of Southern Illinois are not classified as a "major" team but they have beaten some of the nation's best. Now No. 1 in the NCAA's College Division, they are ready to step into basketball's big time **by JOE JARES**

Among the 571 basketball-playing colleges and universities recognized by the NCAA, there is an Upper Iowa, a Central Michigan, an Eastern New Mexico, a Western Maryland and a Northern Illinois, so there is no reason in the world why there should not be a Southern Illinois. There it is, on page 123 of the Official Collegiate Basketball Guide, right after Southern Connecticut State College, Southern Illinois University, no less, located in Carbondale, Ill. (wherever that is), coached by Jack Hartman (whoever he is) and nicknamed the Salukis (whatever they are).

This is the outfit that beat St. Louis University by 10 at St. Louis, knocked off defending national champion Texas Western at El Paso, forced Louisville into two overtimes at Louisville before losing and then beat the No. 2-ranked Cardinals in a rematch at Carbondale. It is the

same team that ran away from a good Missouri Valley club, Wichita State, 77-55 last Saturday for its third victory in four games against MVC competition. Such triumphs would be sweet for any team, but they were especially gratifying for Southern Illinois, which is not in the top 10, or the top 20 either, and in fact is not even officially considered a "major" school. The Salukis are stuck in the College Division—the NCAA's version of the Three I League.

Newness has not kept SIU (as the campus sweat shirts have it) out of the University Division, for the school is almost 100 years old. Nor is size a barrier, although SIU was long called Southern Illinois Normal University and as late as 1947 had fewer than 2,500 students. Today its enrollment is more than 25,000 and the campus has grown from two square blocks to 11,400 acres. Entrance

requirements are not stiff (an Illinoisan must be in the upper 50% of his high school class; an out-of-stater in the upper 40%), but the faculty boasts such high-quality people as R. Buckminster Fuller, the geodesic-dome designer. What has kept SIU basketball in the minors is an NCAA rule that a school must play more than half its games against major teams in order to be major itself. That rule was recently amended, however; soon a school will have another way to get out of the minors. If it participates in a major tournament in any sport, it will be major in all sports. The SIU administration is deciding which of the two paths to follow. But College Division, University Division, NBA or whatever in the future, Coach Hartman and his team found it scary enough in the minors last week when they barely beat the Kentucky Wesleyan Panthers of

Owensboro, Ky. in the small-college game of the year.

Since Hartman arrived from Coffeyville (Kan.) Junior College in 1962, Southern Illinois has made frequent forays against major basketball powers but also has continued traditional wars with teams in its own division, teams like Kentucky Wesleyan. The buildup for their meeting in Owensboro was perfect. Wesleyan was undefeated in nine games and ranked first in one of the wire-service small-college polls, with SIU a close second. SIU was 9-2, had those heady upsets over Texas Western and Louisville and ranked first in the other wire-service poll, with Wesleyan a close second. Wesleyan had a 16-game winning streak. Four pros scouts were among the capacity crowd of 7,000.

There was even a revenge motif. Last season SIU's Walt Frazier, a fine all-around player from Atlanta who had been a second-team Little All-America as a sophomore, was scholastically ineligible, but despite this the Salukis made it to the finals of the NCAA small-college tournament. The last roadblock was Kentucky Wesleyan, which Southern Illinois had beaten twice in the regular season, once by 20 points. In the finals the Salukis played it too cautiously and lost the game by three. It was the second straight year they had tripped in the finals.

"It was a real disappointment," said Hartman. "These kids had done such a great job and had so much courage, confidence and aggressiveness, but they couldn't employ those characteristics when they wanted to most." Sitting in the stands, Walt Frazier couldn't employ anything but his voice.

Now Frazier was back in uniform and he and his teammates could not help but notice the NCAA championship patch on each Panther's warm-up jacket. SIU Center Ralph Johnson kept his mind on a newspaper article he had read. It had said Wesleyan's All-America candidate, Sam Smith, was surely going to get his customary 20 points and 16 rebounds.

Johnson was a big, gawky kid in glasses when Hartman first saw him play at a small-town Illinois high school. Another SIU official who was there said Johnson ran down the floor the first time, fell down, broke his glasses and cut his head. When he came back in, somewhat repaired, not more than a minute passed before he ran into the

stands and injured himself again. Hartman took him anyway, because of his desire, and persuaded him to wear contact lenses. Johnson is a fine clutch player, but he still is far from being loud motion personified. In one home game he made four straight goofs and the crowd started to boo. Hartman jumped up in a rage and shook his fist at the stands. He stuck with Ralph through every hobble and boo.

For the SIU-Wesleyan game Hartman did not use the zone defense that had helped wreck Texas Western. Rather, he used a Hank Iba-inspired man-to-man the played under Iba at Oklahoma State, against which the opposition cannot get inside for a crisp shot without bungle tools. Hartman has an excellent defensive specialist in Clarence Smith, who came to Southern Illinois on a baseball scholarship but could not hit the curve. Wesleyan's defense was just one point weaker, and SIU had a 23-22 half-time lead, the low score reflecting not slowdown tactics but two teams with pride in tenacious defense.

Johnson and his teammates continued to do a job on Sam Smith in the second half (he finished with 13 points and seven rebounds), but the game remained close—45-45 and then 47-47. Wesleyan blocked two SIU shots and put in two free throws to lead by two points with less than three minutes remaining and the Panthers in possession of the ball. Then Referee John Overby blew his whistle and called for a jump ball—Wesleyan Guard Roger Cordell, while covered by SIU's Ed Zastrow, had broken a rule by holding the ball for more than five seconds. In the melee after the tip-off, the Salukis got the ball out of bounds, and Walt Frazier made up for his lost year. He tied the game on a long jump shot, then stole the ball at midcourt and harried in for a layup. He also leaped out of his shoes for a last-minute rebound, fell as he landed and came up dribbling like a Harlem Globetrotter. Southern Illinois won 52-51.

In three consecutive games that SIU won by a total of five points, Frazier had scored the last seven points against Louisville, the last six against Southwest Missouri and four of the last five against Kentucky Wesleyan. If Hartman remembers to keep him in at the end of every game, or if Johnson's contacts do not fog up, Southern Illinois could finally win the championship in what will prob-

ably be its last year in the Three I League.

All this excitement has caused the rash young journalists on the *Daily Egyptian*, SIU's newspaper, to come out strong for University Division status, but it is not just the students who have basketball fever. Mrs. Roberta Piper, the wife of an SIU professor, is not satisfied with watching varsity games in The Arena. She roots for the freshmen, listens to road games on radio, sneaks peeks at practice sessions and writes long letters to a friend in Vermont analyzing Hartman's every move. Elliott Ketting, chief pilot of the school's 19-airplane fleet, pilots rank so he can fly the team to all road games in a DC-3, and his eight jealous assistants vie for the copilot's seat. On the flight home from the Wesleyan game, Ketting suddenly gave a start and said, "I forgot to mark that last basket." He dug out his program and brought it up to date.

The big school in Carbondale will never be Normal again. **END**



Coach Jack Hartman covetously Ed Zastrow whose guarding led to the decisive jump ball

SPREAD OUT AND PUCKERED UP FOR THE NEW RANGERS

There is something about a hockey puck zinging in at 80 mph that brings out the expressiveness in goalies. Consider New York's Eddie Giacomin on the opposite page. His is the face of a man who has just been sapped from behind. In fact, he has made a lovely save on a high, hard Boston shot. The puck has bounced off Giacomin's chest to a spot above his left shoulder, etching that grimace in transit. Giacomin, for years a minor league goalie, was not always so expert. Only a year ago he and the Rangers were equally frightful—and the team was last. Suddenly he has become one of the better goalies—and the Rangers have emerged from a 25-year slump as prime contenders. On ensuing pages are more studies of Giacomin in action and the story of how a gambling coach has transformed the team and thus turned the National Hockey League race upside down.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DONY TRIDIS





GIACOMIN DROPS TO HIS KNEES TO STOP



A BRUIN SHOT AS DEFENSEMAN JIM NEILSON SWOOPS IN TO CLEAR THE PUCK IN A VIVID EXERCISE OF THE NEW RANGER TEAMWORK.



FRANCIS FORGES AN UP TEAM IN A DOWN TOWN

by PETE AXTHELM

Were No. 1!" The chant began far up in the balcony on the 49th Street side of Madison Square Garden, where the kids pay a dollar and a half to glimpse only part of the hockey rink from a bad angle. For a moment the words echoed strangely through the upper tiers of the old arena. Maybe a few cynics down in the loge seats even started to snicker. The New York Rangers No. 1? Twenty-five years had passed since they finished first in the National Hockey League, and five years since they placed even as high as fourth. Their fans had become conditioned to awaiting the annual collapse that occurs sometime between Thanksgiving and Christmas. No. 1? Skeptics could have been pardoned for laughing.

But nobody laughed, and the chant spread through the Garden. On the ice the Rangers were routing the champion Montreal Canadiens. And in the newspapers the NHL standings showed clearly, if implausibly, that the Rangers were in first place. So 15,925 people forgot about their apprehensions, shook off the frustrations of the Yankees and Mets, the Giants and Jets and joined in the chorus to the once-bedraggled, last-place team that had suddenly emerged as New York's only winner.

They haven't stopped yelling yet. The cries that began in that December game with Montreal still fill the Garden, even after Ranger defeats. It is past midseason and there has been no collapse. "We can hear the chants," says Harry Howell, who has toiled valiantly, but usually in futility, through more than 1,000 games as a Ranger defenseman. "After 14 years in this town it's great to hear the fans so happy, but, come to think of it, they're no more excited than we are."

The excited mood of the Rangers begins with a onetime goalie, Emile (The Cat) Francis. Two years ago Francis became general manager of the weakest

organization in the entire NHL. A year later he compounded his troubles by firing the popular Red Sullivan and making himself coach. He set out to rebuild the Rangers' chaotic system of scouts and farm clubs. At the same time he knew he had to improve his team immediately; he did not dare wait for the long-range tinkering to produce players of quality. As this season approached he appeared to be in serious difficulty. The farm system was better, but it had no rookies ready for the Rangers.

Francis refused to write off the season. First of all, he gambled that Boom Boom Geoffrion, one of the Canadiens' all-time heroes—but 35 now and two years retired—could make a contribution, and that three veterans from other clubs would help. To get some improvement from his undistinguished returning players, Francis praised them, berated them, conned them and, most important, offered them money. The Rangers now have a package of incentive-bonus clauses as lucrative as any in hockey. For example, most of the players will get extra cash if they hold opponents to fewer than 200 goals this season. Money talked sweet and clear. The Ranger defense that allowed 261 goals last season gave up only 80 through the first half of this one.

There are other bonuses. Rod Gilbert (see *error*), the team's most effective goal-getter through midseason—and, indeed, the league's—will draw extra pay if he gets 25 goals. "He has a bonus clause for 40 goals, too," snaps Francis. Gilbert, who has recovered from two serious back operations to become the best right wing in hockey, probably will get the 40.

To Francis, however, bonuses are no guarantee of competence. "They make some men more aggressive, and they've helped our checking," he says. "But don't forget we have a lot more depth and

ability, too. If you don't have that, a million dollars isn't going to make you win."

Behind Gilbert and Howell, the team's steadiest defenseman, everything has fallen into place for Francis. Geoffrion has brought the winning spirit he absorbed in Montreal and the incomparably heavy, hard shot that won him his nickname. The team's other ex-Canadiens, Phil Goyette and Don Marshall, have reacquired that spirit and are having their best year. Orland Kurtenbach, a 30-year-old journeyman drafted from Toronto, has joined Vic Hadfield and Reg Fleming to give the once-meek Rangers as much muscle as anyone in the league. The defense is the best New York has seen in a decade, largely because of the dramatically improved Arnie Brown, whose exuberant rushes typify the mood of the whole club.

But the most exciting—and probably the most excited—of all the Rangers is Eddie Giacomin, the 27-year-old goaltender who was on his way to the minor leagues at this time last season. During the fall training season, when he was battling doggedly just to stay with the Rangers, someone nicknamed Giacomin "Lucky." He doesn't remember who gave him the name. Whoever it was, he was clearly attuned to the black humor that life in last place can produce. For Giacomin had been both very good and very bad during his eight-year professional career; he had never been lucky until this season. It was only after six grim years with the weak Providence Reds that he was given his first big chance in the major league last season. Francis was hailing his club for its "new look"—and Giacomin had the newest look of all. He wandered daringly away from the net, he made some heroic saves and he even captured the fans' enthusiasm for a while. Then the Rangers collapsed, and so did he. He was taunted and booed, and after 36

continued

BLOCKING GOAL WITH WARY CONFIDENCE, GIACOMIN EYES PUCK AS BOSTON'S MURRAY OLIVER CRUISES, AWAITING PASS

games the dark-eyed, intense goalie retreated to the minors.

"Looking back on it," he says with a slight shudder, "it could have been worse. I did learn a lot, and I played some good games. You expect your first year to be exceptionally good, because the opposing players haven't learned your style yet. Unfortunately, it didn't work out that way for me."

"We were really pretty unfair to Eddie," says Ranger Publicist John Halligan. "We were boosting the team for its new look, and we actually had the same old club—except for him. So he became the lone symbol of the fans' hopes. It put tremendous pressure on him."

"But despite the pressure and all the things that went wrong," says Francis, "Eddie never gave up. He kept working on his weaknesses."

Francis has worked diligently with Giacomini for two seasons. It would be a fitting part of the Ranger story to report that the coach's enduring faith finally made Eddie a star. It didn't turn out that way. Francis' faith did not endure through the opening of this season, and Giacomini needed a striking change in his luck to get another chance in New York. When training camp ended he had lost the goalie job to Cesare Maniago, a lanky veteran whose main distinction was yielding Bobby Hull's record-breaking 51st goal last March.

But Maniago injured his back, and

Giacomini got to start the season after all. He was shelled 6-3 by Chicago and sent back to the bench. Then Maniago managed to equal Eddie's record for ineptitude by giving up four goals in the first 25 minutes in Toronto. Giacomini got another chance—and failed again.

As Giacomini and the Rangers floundered, Francis began a frantic series of phone calls to Toronto in an effort to get the Maple Leafs' second-string goalie, the proven veteran Terry Sawchuk. When the talks fell through, Giacomini wasn't even sure he would get another chance. But in November, during a routine game with the Boston Bruins, Giacomini got the last opportunity he would need to become a regular. Early in the second period a Bruin slap shot hit Maniago in the face. Giacomini replaced him. The Rangers were leading 3-1 after two periods, but Giacomini looked a bit unsteady. In the Ranger dressing room Francis told Maniago he would be going back into the game for the final period. Sitting alone on the bench in front of his locker, Cesare shook his head. "My mouth still hurts," he said. "I'd better not play tonight."

Francis looked intently at Maniago. The room was quiet. Hockey players live by a harsh rule of honor, which dictates that when you are capable of dragging yourself onto the ice you try to play. Francis was never a great goalie, but he was always a gritty one; he had

never broken the rule. Now he was looking at a man who wanted to break it. Suddenly the Rangers' goaltending situation was no longer a matter of the relative ability of two men. Francis' mind was made up for him. He waved Giacomini onto the ice. Maniago has not played since.

Giacomini was awful that night. The Bruins tied the game with two late goals, and the fans showered Eddie with garbage as he left the ice. It may have been his worst game, but it hardly mattered. The crowd's demonstration only made Francis more determined to help Giacomini make it. "You're my goalie," he told him, "and nobody's going to stop you from becoming a good one." The confidence he gained from that remark may have been the first big step Giacomini made as a goalie this year. "Confidence is certainly half the battle," he says. "You can only get it from experience and from knowing that somebody like Emile has faith in you."

The next steps for Giacomini were slower and more painful. His habit of wandering was widely mentioned as his main problem, but it proved to be one of his lesser worries. "It worked in the minors," Eddie explains, "and it took me awhile to realize it wouldn't work as well up here. I also went through a reverse stage, where I was so self-conscious I would never move. I'd stay glued to the net and hurt myself just as much. Last year I resisted Emile's advice. This year I figured I'd better listen to him. Now I still move around some, but I do it carefully."

Giacomini's other faults were more basic—so basic, in fact, that they were astonishing in a goalie with eight years of experience. He didn't always keep his stick on the ice. He often failed to hold the post, i.e., stand firmly against the side of the net from which the shot was coming. And he used his legs and pads very well but much too often—shots that should have been caught and tossed aside were bouncing off his pads onto the sticks of charging forwards.

"He needed a lot of work," says Francis, "but his hands and legs were so quick that I was sure he could use them to overcome these errors." Giacomini was aware, however, that he didn't have time to get that experience in games. He had to learn very fast, and the only way to learn fast enough was to take a gamble that few goalies would ever



MANAGER COACH FRANCIS LOOKS OVER THE NEWS WITH ROOM EDON GEOFFRION

try. "I told all the guys—even The Boomer—to go all-out and fire their best shots at me in practice," he says. "After all, if I don't practice stopping Gilbert or The Boomer how am I going to expect to stop Bobby Hull?"

On Nov. 30 in Chicago, Hull himself took a pass at the blue line, faked once and rushed at the goal. From just 12 feet in front of Giacomin he fired the hardest wrist shot in hockey. Giacomin dived sideways and the puck skidded off his pads and out of trouble. He went on to shut out the Black Hawks 5-0 in what he feels was his most satisfying game of the season.

Things have been going well ever since for Giacomin and all the amazing Rangers. Eddie has become a sound, dependable goaltender and, for the first season in his career, he has been lucky, too. While howling pucks skid by opposing goalies they always seem to bounce up into Eddie's glove.

"I have been getting some breaks," he says. "But I've also got the confidence to recover when I make a mistake. I don't let a fluke goal bother me anymore. And, of course, it's great to have the fans behind me. They made it pretty rough last year."

Giacomin's own players didn't help much last year either. Now, whenever he is asked about his success, he is quick to praise the entire team. No longer must he scramble frantically as an erratic defense allows the other team to take as many as seven straight shots at him, no longer must he live in constant fear of breakaways by opposing forwards.

The Rangers now have defensemen who defend steadily, forwards who check vigorously and penalty killers—Marshall, Kurtenbach, Fleming and Bob Nevin—who are the equal of any. Many players will collect that under-200-goal bonus, and Francis will be happy to pay it.

When he speaks of the new Rangers, Francis always emphasizes their defensive work, and he usually begins with Arnie Brown. A promising rookie two years ago, Brown was overweight and ineffective last season. Even the hockey-wise Howell, playing alongside him, couldn't compensate for Brown's mistakes and lack of speed. But last fall Arnie came to camp 15 pounds lighter, and in one of the season's first games he made a menacing gesture toward the Garden bakies and said, "I'm gonna show those guys that

they can't boo me out of this league."

Now Brown draws cheers every time he steps on the ice. His former tormentors praise him, and Brown concedes that the praise is merited. Interviewed on radio, he was asked about the pleasures of playing with Howell. "Sure, Harry's great," he bursted, "but what about me? Haven't you noticed how I've been playing? I think I deserve some of the credit for what this club has done." Indeed he does.

Howell characteristically prefers to direct attention away from himself and the other defensemen. "We've been able to play our positions well because the forwards are doing their jobs. All we need is one forward back-checking when the other team comes toward our blue line and we can stand up and keep them away from the net."

This year Howell has often had the rare luxury of more than one man back-checking in front of him. All the forwards check well, and several of them deal out real punishment. Hadfield and Fleming have always been rugged body-checkers. This season they have been joined by an even bigger and tougher man, Kurtenbach, who has finally found himself after 11 seasons as a pro. "With the Leafs last year I was used only to kill penalties," he says, "I guess that checking practice made me a much more complete player, although I'll admit I didn't like it."

The idea of playing for New York was even less appealing. "I came up in the Ranger organization," Kurtenbach says, "and I never liked it. I never got a real good chance, and I never made any money. After I was traded to Boston I got a \$3,500 raise. That should give you an idea of how the Rangers were paying me."

But that was in the days before Francis got his hands on the Ranger purse strings. Now Kurtenbach is well satisfied with his salary and ecstatic over the surprising prospect of playoff money. Essentially a defensive center, he has also set up many goals with good passes. He is so strong that he rarely gets pushed away from a loose puck. His strength also has earned him a reputation as the league's best fighter; he recently knocked out 6' 3", 205-pound Bert Marshall of Detroit with a right hook that opened a 20-stitch cut in Marshall's mouth.

All this strength and defense has made life much easier for the Ranger scorers. Each of the three forward lines has a

different style, and each has used that style to get hot during a critical period of the season. Marshall, Goyette and Nevin use finesse and score on precise pass plays and superior stickhandling. The Geoffrion-Fleming-Ingarfield line relies largely on Geoffrion's mighty shots. The third line depends mainly on Gilbert, the most spectacular scorer New York has seen in years.

Throughout most of the season Gilbert played with Hadfield and Kurtenbach, but lately he has been rejoined by Jean Ratelle, a shifty winger who has recovered from a back operation similar to Rod's and who has played alongside Rod since they were amateurs. Ratelle and Kurtenbach have different styles, but it hardly seems to matter to Gilbert. As long as someone can get the puck to him, he can score. After 36 games he led the NHL with 20 goals, and, at 26, he seems sure to become one of the best forwards of all time.

A year ago he was not nearly so confident of his future. He left the Rangers in midseason to undergo the second of two spinal-fusion operations. "When I lay down at that hospital bed," he recalls, "I had doubts about ever making it back. I had felt so much pain last year and gotten so depressed about it that I could hardly get myself to care what happened anymore. But once the operation was over all I could think about was playing again. Now I'm in better shape than ever before."

"Better than ever" is a phrase you hear constantly around the Ranger team. They have all but forgotten the dreary seasons of the past. When they first started winning, Francis began answering questions with a half-facetious, "Satisfied? No, I won't be satisfied until we're in first place." Having held first over an impressive span, they appear capable of staying near the top through the year. "Now I won't be satisfied until we win the Stanley Cup," says Francis. He still sounds slightly facetious, but the fact that he can talk in such terms at all is indicative of the Rangers' strength.

Recently reporters recalled some of Eddie Giacomin's darker days. "Stan Mikita used to kill you," someone said. "Does he still give you the most trouble of any shooter?" Giacomin's eyes brightened, and his mouth curled in a wondering smile. "You know," he said softly, "it's been quite a while since anybody has given me too much trouble." **AND**

One little noticed but very busy figure in the Green Bay Packers' dressing room after the Super Bowl was an 11-year-old boy, who was squirming and weeping his way about collecting autographs from people like Paul Hornung, Bart Starr and Jim Taylor. He even approached formidable **Vince Lombardi** and said, "Coach, would you sign my program?" Lombardi autographed the program but told him, "I hope your Daddy doesn't spank you for coming in here." Daddy might well. The boy was the son of Kansas City Coach **Hank Stram**. Said Stram when he found out, "I'm not surprised. He spent more time with visiting teams this season than he has with us." Young Dale Stram did not get whipped. After all, he was the only member of the Gmily who came out ahead on the day.

Feeling that some baying beagles would make the New York Festival Orchestra's performance of Leopold Mozart's *Hungarian Stomp* sound more authentic, Conductor Thomas Dunn imported the **Backram Beagles**, a Long Island hunting pack, to Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall (below). Unfortunately, the hounds smelled a rat, not a rab-

bin. While a hi-fi recording of hounds baying gave the proper musical note, Backram's best snuffed at the cellos, stared across the footlights and howled it up for a delighted audience. Finally, to a din of applause that drowned out Mozart, the 22 beagles were picked up and carried ignominiously offstage. As entertainers they had few peers, but as concert performers they were dogs.

A jet carrying the Dodgers' **Walter O'Malley** and **Red Patterson** and the Angels' **Gene Autry** and **Bill Ripsey** home from Pittsburgh had trouble with its landing gear. As the plane circled Los Angeles International Airport, the pilot explained the wheels were being lowered manually, but asked as a precautionary measure that the passengers be prepared for a crash landing, a procedure that includes removing shoes. "Poor Autry," said Ripsey, as a stewardess came to collect the shoes, "they aren't even going to let him die with his boots on."

Pro football has finally outgrown television. In San Antonio the other day an announcer, about to interview **Tony Nola**, asked the Falcon linebacker to put on one of those microphones that hang around the neck. Nola's neck was so large (20 inches) that the mike cord would not reach around it.

Possibly concerned that his image might be going to pot, the movies' muscular **Marlon Brando** turned fitness fanatic and signed up for streamlining at the Braxford Park health hydro in Sussex, Britain's newest health spa, where for pretty pence clients are starved into shape. Brando underwent a week of Busted conditioning, which includes sauna baths, footbaths, neuromuscular massages and a special diet (consisting some days of a glass of hot water and lemon for breakfast, a glass of hot water and lemon for lunch, mint tea during the afternoon and a glass of

hot water and lemon for dinner). "Mr. Brando received the normal treatment," said the resort's spokesman after the star departed. "There was nothing remarkable about his diet, simply the usual emphasis on fruit and juices to reduce weight. He benefited from his stay. He shed several pounds, but in our opinion he was not with us long enough for a dramatic success."

When Dallas Cowboy Running Back **Don Perkins** announced his retirement from pro football three weeks ago, New Mexico's new governor, Dave Cargo, appointed him to a \$950-a-month job as director of the state's Department of Courtesy and Information. His main concern would have been overseeing the operation of information booths and truck stops at New Mexico's ports of entry. It looked as if Perkins was getting nothing but a fake hand-off when, in his first speech to the state legislature, Governor Cargo recommended that the Department of Courtesy and Information be abolished. But the governor promised that Perkins, who has been active in Republican politics and for a time last year considered running for the state legislature, would receive another

gubernatorial appointment if New Mexico decides Courtesy and Information is obsolete.

While her husband was in Australia thanking the government for its assistance in the Vietnam war, **Madame Nguyen Cao Ky** stopped at a Canberra sports store, where she professionally sighted in a toy rifle (below). She decided not to buy the gun, choosing two cowboy suits as gifts instead, but later in the day told the press that she was a good shot. "I have my own .38 special, which gets quite a bit of use, but I can handle any sort of gun really," she said. "My favorite weapons are pearl-handled six-guns that I use to practice the fast draw, like Gary Cooper." Madame Ky was taught to shoot by her husband, who prides himself on his marksmanship. When a Canberra newsman challenged him to a shooting contest, **Premier Ky** quickly took him up on it. "We'll shoot for a case of Australian beer," he declared. At week's end the duel still had not come off, but the newsman was practicing with a .38. He had wanted to use a .22 pistol, but Ky told him, "It's a woman's weapon." Maybe so, but not for Madame Ky.





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Sunshine wins in the mud

Melvin Calvert, who trains a small stable of racehorses for Mrs. Frances A. Genter, is 4 feet 11 inches of ex-jockey hidden behind a permanent smile. Long ago he acquired the nickname of "Sunshine," and as a trainer he's had good reason to smile. He developed Rough'n Tumble, who won a Santa Anita Derby, and in 1959 Rough'n Tumble's daughter, My Dear Girl, won the Gardenia on her way to the 2-year-old filly championship.

But, above all, Sunshine Calvert is a realist, which makes him a rare specimen among horsemen. Last season, even after Mrs. Genter's In Reality—a Florida-bred by intentionally out of My Dear Girl—won four out of seven races, including a victory over Successor in the Pimlico Futurity, Sunshine was not given to wild optimism. "We're not thinking about the classics yet," he said, "His breeding might suggest that a mile is his best distance, but we'll run him in the Florida stakes and see what happens."

The seven-furlong Hibiscus at Hialeah is the first of these tests for 3-year-olds aiming for the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. Last week, when In Reality won it easily by two lengths over 13 mud-splattered rivals, it proved that the strong and blocky boy has lost none of the form that made him one of the half dozen best juveniles a year ago. It proved, too, that Sunshine Calvert is better than a green hand at handling winners: In Reality was the only runner in the field equipped with mud caulks to combat the slippery going.

This victory, at seven furlongs in the mud in January and in the fair time of 1:23 4/5, does not mean that everyone should immediately race to get down a winter book bet on In Reality for the Derby on May 6. What it does mean is that the colt will be a strong factor at Hialeah, at least until he tries going a mile and an eighth.

In the 32nd Hibiscus, In Reality simply bolted out of the gate, took the lead away from Flying Tackle almost im-

mediately and then ran away from his field. Patrice Jacobs' Reason to Hail, who did nothing outstanding last year, came from way out of it to be second over Native Guile, with the Canadian-bred Cool Reception a respectable fourth. The biggest disappointment of all was George Widener's Bold Hour, who beat Successor in The Futurity last September and outran three other Phipps colts—Great Power, Top Bid and Disciplinarian—in the Hopeful at Saratoga. After running fourth into the far turn and taking a lot of mud in the face, Bold Hour chucked it and finally finished eighth. Another disappointment was Calumet Farm's Balout—from the last crop of Bull Lea—who was fifth.

There is a likelihood that, with the possible exception of Bold Hour and one or two others, no classic winners came out in the rain on Hibiscus day. Dr. Fager, beaten only once last year (by Successor in the Champagne), had missed a couple of work days because of a minor blood infection and skipped the race. And the Phipps empire, trained by Eddie Neely, sent out only a token entry in Great White Way. It was a real token: Great White Way finished 13th. Neely has Successor on the grounds, but he is only at Hialeah to train and won't start until Aqueduct in the spring. Great Power will get his first start soon, while Bold Monarch lost his first race of the year on Hialeah's opening day to Calumet's Balout and then barely beat an ordinary field at seven furlongs in an allowance race on the Hibiscus card.

The most impressive race during Hialeah's opening week was turned in by John Galbreath's first-time starter, Cup Race. A son of Sailor and Flower Bowl—which makes him a half brother to Graustark—Cup Race romped home by seven lengths. His next outing will probably be against In Reality and Dr. Fager in the Bahamas on Feb. 1, and then more will be known about all of them. Until then the smiles still belong to Sunshine.

END

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Still a long, rough road ahead for the AFL

The Super Bowl proved that the NFL is that much better, says the author, who maintains that the AFL did not progress as fast as it could have in seven years while foolishly believing its own rosy propaganda

After watching its best team suffer through that football game that might someday deserve to be called the Super Bowl, the American Football League should at least benefit from a hard but presumably valuable lesson: the AFL is as far behind the NFL as the Chiefs were behind the Packers. The way to figure it is not in points but in players.

There is nothing embarrassing about losing to Green Bay by 25 points. If there were, most teams in the NFL would have, at one time or another, given up the game in shame. But the Chiefs were not just another Packer opponent. They were to the AFL this season what the Packers were to the NFL—the champions. The AFL has claimed for two or three years that it has arrived at a position of equal strength. Were that the case, the Chiefs—regardless of the score, which in championship games

can be as unlikely as Cleveland's 27-0 over Baltimore in 1964 or Green Bay's 37-0 over the Giants in 1961—should have played without showing any major weaknesses.

The fact is, the Chiefs showed several obvious ones. The Kansas City players knew before the game what their soft spots were. In conversation they kept using phrases like "with our personnel," the way you would say you were going to do the best you could under the circumstances. What the Chiefs did not know was how much those soft spots would hurt. Against Denver they might get away with a weakness that Buffalo would use to beat them. Against Buffalo they might conceal a weakness that the Packers would leap on with yelps of pleasure.

By studying three films, the Packers saw they could strike to their left. Most pro football offenses are right-handed,

lining up strong to the right, but the easy place to hit the Chiefs was to the Packer left. Kansas City's defensive right end, Chuck Hurston, is listed as 6' 6" and 240 pounds. Hurston, who has ulcers, was down to 200 pounds for the championship game against Buffalo and weighed less than 220 against Green Bay. Kansas City's right corner back, Willie Mitchell, looked like a lamb to the Packers. Mitchell is no star, but he is not really as bad as the Packers made him appear by throwing post patterns to the weak side for first downs and scores. With Free Safety Johnny Robinson rolling mostly to the strong side to help Corner Back Fred Williamson and with Strong-side Safety Bobby Hunt tied up by Packer Tight End Marv Fleming, Mitchell was left alone with the weak-side receiver. It takes an exceptional cornerback to stay in single coverage throughout the afternoon and not get blistered. Mitchell is not exceptional. Neither is Williamson.

By the fourth quarter the Chiefs' soft spots were pitilessly exposed. Green Bay moved as it wished, and Kansas City seemed to lose its spirit. Even the fine defensive end and captain, Jerry Mays, who is assuredly no soft spot, was discouraged. As the Packers came up to scrimmage for one of the last plays of the game, Right Guard Jerry Kramer looked across at Mays and then turned to Tackle Forrest Gregg. "You block my man this time," Kramer said, "and let me have Old Idle over there."

The Packers were scornful of the Chiefs' physical condition, calling them "a lot of big, fat guys." It is startling that after seven years of operation Kansas City went into the Super Bowl game with such glaring flaws. It is a good thing it took seven years for the NFL to consent to the game. If it had been played the first time the AFL wanted it, the



MAX RIGER EVADES BACKS MITCHELL AND WILLIAMSON FOR GREEN BAY SCORE

farfarcical result might have caused the game to be abandoned forever.

Green Bay Coach Vince Lombardi said after the game that, in his opinion, the Chiefs are not in a class with the top teams in the NFL. As usual, Lombardi is right. Other than not being as good as the Packers, which was made quite clear, the Chiefs are not as good as Dallas, Baltimore, St. Louis or Cleveland, either, and are no better than Los Angeles, Washington, Philadelphia or Chicago, to mention a few. Bob Hayes, the Dallas split end, thinks the Atlanta Falcons could beat the Chiefs. That may be too harsh a statement, but the Falcons would have shorter odds against the Chiefs than the Chiefs would in a rematch against the Packers.

Ram Defensive Tackle Merlin Olsen recognized the Kansas City—and AFL—problem, which is depth. "The Chiefs," said Olsen, "have about 17 good players." Olsen was being generous; 15 might be more accurate. With 15 or 17 players capable of playing in the first division in the NFL, the Chiefs could not be champions but would win some games in steady competition with the older league. So would Buffalo, Oakland and San Diego. The Jets could certainly beat the Giants, perhaps more often than not. Boston has the ability to win an occasional exhibition game from the NFL. The two leagues start playing each other in exhibition games this summer, and the results may be surprising. A good NFL club could lose to a mediocre one from the AFL, but it must be considered that the AFL clubs are likely to be going for a win, whereas the NFL clubs are likely to be using rookies and preparing for the season.

Back when some people still believed the AFL and NFL might be equal, or close to it, one of the arguments was that the Dallas Cowboys, who began playing at the same time as the AFL, advanced rapidly enough to win the NFL's Eastern Conference this season and come within a yard of forcing Green Bay into an overtime in the championship. "We've been around as long as the Cowboys," said Kansas City Linebacker E. J. Holub, who was a first pick of the Cowboys. "We're bound to be as good as they are." Not so.

The big reason for the AFL's too-slow progress is that most AFL teams started in business in 1960 with amateurs in the front offices. With a few exceptions they

continued



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PRO FOOTBALL

had to learn how to organize a professional football club, how to construct a good scouting system, how to handle players. Denver's quarterback once drew the plays on the ground with his finger in the huddle, and the Broncos have never recovered from that beginning. Another club had one scout to cover the entire country. Most teams far underestimated the operating costs and almost fled in panic when they saw the arithmetic. Lamar Hunt saved the league in those years.

In the early 1960s, the country was full of rumors the AFL would fold, rumors that sent hundreds of players flocking to sign with the NFL. What remained for the AFL were players who got paid so well they didn't mind the risk, or players who wished to avoid the competition in the stronger league. The AFL made a lot of noise about the stars it won, but there was nothing said about the stars being surrounded by journeymen, rejects and erstwhile second-stringers. To a much lesser extent, that is the trouble with the AFL today. Each team has its stars. Some teams have a lot of them. But each team still has weaknesses that would be disastrous under the pressure applied by a good NFL club.

The AFL has had time to remedy those weaknesses, but not even the better teams have done so. To be sure, it is a difficult job, and one that some NFL teams have never accomplished. However, the better AFL teams have deluded themselves. Without quality competition week after week, as the NFL has, the soft spots on the better AFL teams could be dismissed as minor flaws. The AFL leaders thus committed one of the deadliest of errors. They have believed their own propaganda. The Packers performed what should be a valuable service for the AFL by proving exactly what the gap between the leagues is.

It will be 1970 before AFL and NFL teams start playing each other in regular season games and the AFL needs those three years, for the common draft will slow the AFL's chance to improve. If red shirts are included in the common draft, as Lombardi wants, the AFL will be slowed further. But the top teams in the AFL do have a chance to catch up. They can do it with expanded scouting systems to find the free agents and low draft choices who will be vital in the common-draft era. It is a safe bet the NFL will be searching, too.

END

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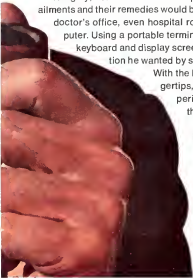
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- 14 Cherry Hills Country Club, Denver, Colorado
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- 17 Quail Creek Golf & Country Club, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
- 18 Pebble Beach Golf Links, Monterey, California



par consistently . . . or number 4, the birthplace of one of golf's great stories:

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The imp of southern Texas

With its extraordinary speed on the ground and its wraithlike ways, the scaled quail makes its cousin, the bobwhite, seem like a hunter's patsy

Where, at the peak of winter, when most thoughts point toward snowy slopes or southern sands, does a man go when he wants to swing a shotgun at a covey riser? Why, he goes to Texas, of course, where the quail are plentiful, where the open season is three and a half months long and where the bag is an abundant 12 birds a day. And where else but in Texas would he find not just ordinary bobwhite quail but the cocky, canny, chestnut-bellied scaled quail (*Callipepla squamata castaneogaster*) as well? The scaled quail thrives throughout the south Texas brush country, and it is by far the most ornery, the most frustrating and the most maddeningly challenging bird any quail hunter could ever hope to hit. Last month, with the scaled-quail season in full swing, there were plenty of birds that were not being hit all along the Rio Grande from Brownsville to Eagle Pass.

Missing shots now and then is not exactly a unique experience for the most skilled upland shooter, but missing scaled quail is the rule rather than the exception. Even a knowing scaled-quail shooter is outwitted, outrun and outraged at every bush and bramble. He is tantalized by birds that are there one instant and gone the next. He is tortured by thorns, sticklers, burrs and barbs, and he is driven to wild and foolish tactics which seldom work but invariably make him bristle in frustration and bluish in memory.

Considering the violent emotions evoked by the scaled quail in even the calmest of hunters, it is probably a good thing that *castaneogaster* is found only in the southern counties of Texas and nowhere else in the U.S. There are, however, two other species of scaled quail, all so named because of the scalelike pattern on their breast feathers. *Callipepla squamata pallida*, popularly known as the Arizona scaled quail, ranges from

north-central Mexico through all of west Texas, most of Arizona and into the southeast corners of New Mexico and Colorado. The third species, *Callipepla squamata squamata*, is found only in Mexico. Both are blood brothers to *castaneogaster*, sharing many characteristics, but neither is quite as handsome or as exasperating to hunt.

All three species are the same size—they stand about 10 inches high. Males average about 6.6 ounces, females slightly less, but both give the impression of weighing about one-third more than they actually do because of the density and length of their feathers. The sexes are so similar in appearance that only a scaled quail can be sure of the difference at first glance.

The back and wing plumage of all scaled quail is predominantly blue-gray, but in the two more common varieties these bluish feathers dull into a drab, smoky buff on the breast and abdomen, giving the birds the incongruous look of somber little nocticians wearing party hats. In contrast, the southern Texas bird sports a pearl-white bib and brilliant, burnished-copper breast and belly. It has the jaunty air of a dandy decked out in a dinner jacket.

Even the bird's fashionable finery is misleading. For a bird turned out so elegantly, the chestnut-bellied scaled quail sports in pretty rough territory. Its range is some of the most rugged in Texas—barren, sparsely inhabited terrain, subjected to periodic droughts and temperatures that soar as high as 110° in summer and, on occasion, dip to bitter lows of around zero in winter. It is a land of mesquite and catclaw, blue thorn and huisache, cactus and prickly pear, where every bush seems covered with thorns and every limb thrusts sharp, savage spines to the sky. It is a vast, flat, beautiful land, where the honey-sweet

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HUNTING *continued*

smell of white brush hangs in the air and the horizon looks at least a week away.

Centuries of evolution have adapted the various creatures that inhabit this country to its idiosyncrasies, and this explains, at least in part, some of the habits of the scaled quail. For one thing, unlike most conventional quail, this one would rather run than fly and, except for the ostrich and the roadrunner, there is probably no bird that runs faster.

Its favorite gambit is to dart from one clump of brush to the next, every now and then giving the hunter a maddening, momentary glimpse. With its stiff-jointed legs moving in staccato rhythm and its garish topknot bobbing, it looks like a street-vendor's goose-stepping wind-up toy.

About the only thing more damaging to the psyche than trying to run down one of these fast-fleeting singles is the effort to run down an entire covey. Scaled quail are very social creatures. When feeding and foraging in the mornings and afternoons, or just dozing, dusting and picking at parasites during other times of day, they gather in groups of 20 to 30 or more birds. The safety-in-numbers concept does not seem to make them any more eager to fly in a group than when they are alone, but it certainly makes for more confusion when an entire covey takes off on foot. The birds scatter in every direction, scooting back and forth across sandy channels in the brush, diving into islands of prickly pear, always appearing—fiendishly—just at the periphery of the hunter's vision.

A normal hunter, accustomed to normal quail shooting, will probably try to flush at least a few of the birds by running them down—a disastrous approach at best. Even a professional trackman would be hard pressed to keep up with the birds' 15-mph ground speed. Throw in half a dozen birds going in half a dozen directions at the same time and a hip-high sea of brush, which the quail effortlessly slip beneath but which the hunter must go around, through and over, and the true hopelessness of the situation begins to be apparent.

This is the point at which some hunters simply give up, unload and go home to a stiff drink. Others go berserk, dashing into thorn bushes and cactus plants, chasing blindly after one bird and then another until finally they collapse in a tattered, bleeding heap. A few hunters

continued



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HUNTING

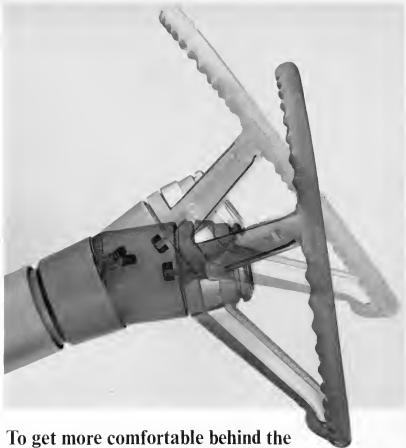
will even shoot the birds on the ground, but this, aside from being a sorry breach of sportsmanship, is also an outright admission of defeat. No scaled-quail hunter worthy of the name gives up that easily. After all, bending the bird at its own game is the challenge.

No hunters are more skilled at doing so than the brothers Burnham of Marble Falls. Over the years, Murray and Winston Burnham probably have outwitted more scaled quail than anyone else in Texas. They have learned how to stalk a covey with the stealth and cunning of a coyote, sneaking up so close before springing that the startled birds take wing in sheer surprise. The brothers know how to imitate the chop-chuck, chop-chuck call of a single bird when it is trying to join a scattered covey. They also know how to anticipate escape routes and cut the quail off and then run them into cul-de-sacs from which they are forced to fly. The brothers have countered the tricks of psychological warfare that are the scaled quail's strongest defense with some of their own—freezing beside a bush in which a bird has taken cover and waiting, motionless, until the unnerfed quail, deciding it has been discovered, makes a desperate flight for freedom.

The Burnhams lease hunting rights along with a small cabin on 7,000 acres of the 54,000-acre Benavides Ranch northwest of Laredo. This is in the center of some of the finest scaled-quail country in the state. Although most of the land in this area and throughout the bird's range is privately owned, hunting rights are generally sold each year either to individuals like the Burnhams or to commercial operators, who then sublease them on a daily, weekend or weekly basis.

When I hunted there recently, almost every gas station and shop on the road from Cotulla to the Mexican border had a sign in the window beckoning hunters, and the classified columns of the local papers were filled with ads touting day hunting at \$10 to \$15 a gun, complete with guide, transportation and sometimes even lunch thrown in. In fact, about the only thing not included in the bargain price was a pair of tweezers. These and a sense of humor, I discovered after being tricked into a patch of prickly pear by a bird that was not there, are definitely essential equipment on a Texas scaled-quail hunt.

END



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ZERO ON THE TOUR

BY GEORGE PLIMPTON

In a series of articles entitled *Zero of the Lions* (SI, Sept. 7 & 14, 1964), which he expanded into the best-selling book *Paper Lion*, the author wrote of his excruciating experiences as an amateur NFL quarterback. Now, despite an 18 handicap, he has pitted himself against big-time golf. The result, on the course, was what could be expected from Zero: nothing. But his account of his travails in last year's Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur, and during the two weeks that followed, constitutes an amusing and poignant look at the pro tour, the amateur golfer and the game itself. This first of a three-part series describes a ball-stealing caddie, the rage of a pro partner and two days in a cloud of bogey dust.

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had a notion that a month on the professional golf tour, competing steadily and under tournament conditions before crowds and under the scrutiny of the pros with whom I would be playing, might result in five, perhaps even six, strokes being granted from my handicap, which is 18.

My friends thought so, too. They craved me my invitations to the Big Crosby National Pro-Amateur, the Lucky International in San Francisco and the Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs—the near month of tournament play in the pro-ams that I would enjoy on the tour—and they said that the one compensation they could think of as they toiled at their desks was that on my return I would not be as likely to embarrass them with my bad golf on our occasional weekend rounds.

I was hopeful but also uneasy, aware that quite an overhaul of my game was going to be necessary. My woes in golf, I have felt, have been largely psychological. When I am playing well, in the low 90s, I am still plagued with small quakes—a suspicion that, for example, just as I begin my downswing, my eyes straining with concentration, a bug or a beetle is suddenly going to materialize on the ball. And when I am playing badly far more massive speculation occurs: I often sense as I commit myself to a golf swing that my body changes its corporeal status completely and becomes a mechanical entity, built of tubes and conduits and boiler rooms here and there, with big dials and gauges to check, a Brooklynian structure put together by a team of brilliant engineers but manned by a dispirited, eccentric group of disolutes.

I see myself as a monstrous, manned colossus poised high over the golf ball, a spheroid that is barely discernible 14 stories down on its tee. From above, staring through the windows of the eyes, which bulge like great bay perches, is an unsteady group (as I see them) of retired Japanese navy men. In their hands they hold ancient and useless voice tubes into which they yell the familiar orders: "Eye on the ball! Chin steady! Left arm stiff! Flex the knees! Swing from the inside out! Follow through! Keep head down!" Since the voice tubes are useless, the cries drift down the long corridors and shaftways between the sear tendons and muscles and echo into vacant chambers and out, until finally, as a burble of

sound, they reach the control centers. These posts are situated at the joints, and in charge are the disolutes I mentioned—typical of them a cantankerous elder perched on a metal stool, half a bottle of eye on the floor beside him, his ear cocked for the orders that he acknowledges with ancient epithets, yelling back up the corridors, "Ah, your father's mustache!" and such things, and if he's of a mind he'll reach for the controls (like the banks of tall levers one remembers from a railroad-yard switch house) and perhaps he'll pull the proper lever and perhaps not. So that, in sum, the whole apparatus, bent on hitting a golf ball smartly, tips and convulses and lunges, the Japanese navy men clenching each other for support in the main control center up in the head as the structure rocks and creaks. And when the golf shot is on its way the observers get to their feet and peer out through the eyes and report: "A shank! A shank! My God, we've hit another shank!"

The Japanese navy men strain about and shout, "Smarten up down there!"

In the dark reaches of the structure the disolutes reach for their rye, glittering, and they've got their feet up on the levers and perhaps soon it will be time to read the evening newspaper.

When I got out to the Monterey Peninsula, where the Crosby is played, and met some of the professional golfers, I asked them timidly if such wayward thoughts ever popped into their minds at a moment of crisis on the course—some image quite apart from golf.

Well, what sort of thoughts, they wanted to know.

I told them, somewhat haltingly, about the retired Japanese naval officers, a phenomenon I had never been able to explain to myself, and they stared and said, well no, they weren't harassed by any such thoughts as that. If pressed, they would admit to an inner voice, cajoling and murmuring encouragement. Dave Marr told me that, as he stood over his putt on the 16th green during the PGA championship he won at Laurel Valley in 1965, clear as a bell he heard his baby's voice call in his head, "Careful, Daddy, careful!"—just as the baby did when he was being tossed jiggly in the air, roughhousing at home. Marr, bearing his son's voice, was careful, so careful that his putt ended up short. He two-putted from

there. When Jack Nicklaus chipped in a remarkable shot on the 17th and came within two strokes of Marr's lead the childish voice disappeared, to Marr's relief, and in its place a somewhat more aggressive voice began to cajole, "Don't let him in, dammit, just lock the guy out!"—which Marr was able to do on the last hole to win his championship.

Marr told me that what good golfers usually see in their mind's eye is not the actual process, they must go through to hit the ball, which is what the average golfer sees, but where the ball is going to end up.

"When you're playing at your best," he told me, "you look down at the ball on the tee and you see the fairway and the spot out there where your shot's going to land. It's almost like looking at those scorecards that have a map of each hole, and the play of the hole is marked in dotted lines. What you see is the dotted line. Of course, if you're playing bad, what you see are the woods and the traps, Marlboro Country, and more often than not, if that's what you're thinking, that's where your shot is going to end up."

I told him about my premonition that a large insect would suddenly appear on my golf ball just as I was bringing my club down.

"A what?"

"A bug," I said. "Maybe a beetle." Marr glanced slightly.

"Man, what a thing to suggest. You hang around the tour long enough," he said, "and get us golfers worrying about things like bugs, and no one's going to come close to hitting the ball a foot. You're dangerous, man, too dangerous."

"Well, I don't know," I said.

He was grinning. "If you don't mind, just don't tell us too many things like that," he said.

MOMENTS WITH SAM AND BEN

While my invitation to the Crosby allowed me to enter the world of professional golf and see it firsthand, it was not, in fact, my first opportunity to play with top golfers. Five or six years before I had played a head-to-head match with Sam Snead at Boca Raton. Snead rode out onto the course in a yellow golf cart that bere him off after his shots so rapidly that I rarely had a chance to talk with him.

We met briefly on the greens and the tees. I made appropriate sounds of awe when he whacked his drives off into the distance. He would climb into his cart while I set my ball up on its tee. When I made my shot, off at an angle usually, Snead would say, "I reckon you feigned somewhat on that one," and he'd set off in the cart. We were playing as a threesome, and the third member of our group, a former captain of the Harvard golf team, rode in the cart with Snead, since their drives were generally on the same line. I moved behind them, ranging back and forth for my errant shots with my caddie—the pair of us like two stowards far in the wake of a trawler.

"It was that damn cart," I said later in the locker room when we were done. "I might have got something out of the afternoon if it hadn't been for the speed of that thing."

Snead was not around to talk to, he had gone out with a threesome of Miami businessmen as soon as we had come in from our tour of the course. When I came running over from the 18th green to say goodbye he was already on his way to the first tee to join them. He waited for me to reach him, "Pigeons," he said, taking me into his confidence. He winked broadly. I forked over the \$15 I owed him from a \$5 Nassau bet.

"Good luck," I said, still breathing hard from the trot up the 18th fairway.

I mournfully described the match to a member in the locker room. "Snead could have been playing his shots like a polo player from that cart. The round was that fast, I mean, he could have been just rising up from his seat, leaning out and flailing at the ball. . . . They oughtn't to allow carts."

The member rang for the steward and ordered drinks. To take my mind off my disappointment, he said that Boca Raton had been famous for its golf carts since the club's establishment by the nabobs of the early '20s. He told me that one of the latter, Clarence Geist, played the course in a specially equipped Packard. It was a familiar sight on the fairways, though startling to those seeing it for the first time. The Packard would lurch out of a grove of trees onto the course, and a player back on the tee, looking up from his ball, would call out, "My God, what's that?"

"That's Clarence Geist's Packard."

"Well, yes, but what is it doing out there?"

continued



PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB HALLMAN

Tired on the 14th at Cypress Point, the author tried a baseball swing and then called to his caddy, "Did it come out?" "A bird came out," was the answer. "And hold your voice down, the golfers are passing."

ON THE TOUR

continued

Look at the size of that thing! Think of the rats it must leave in the fairways. Why doesn't the good man—what's his name?"

"Geist."

"Why doesn't he use a rickshaw? Or at the least a Model T?"

They would watch the limousine stop far down the fairway, and then a distant figure being assisted out of the back, the small knot of people standing by the car as if inspecting a road map, cataleptic until the flash of a club swinging, the heads turning to watch the flight of that far-away, invisible ball. Then the group would load up into the Packard again, which would rock off across the undulations of the fairway.

"That's very interesting," I said. I was still pedantic about Snead. "Today was a waste. I certainly never got the sense of what it's like to play against a championship golfer."

"Why don't you try Ben Hogan?" the member asked. He said he'd call him—he was a good friend—and put in a word for me. Hogan was in the vicinity preparing for the Masters, as he did annually at the Seminole Golf Club north of Palm Beach.

I called Hogan a few days later. I explained somewhat haltingly that I wanted to write an article about competing against great professionals. Perhaps a match with him could be arranged. It would be a great privilege.

I can remember his voice in reply—polite and easy, and it took me a time to realize that he was turning me down. He said that our mutual friend had described the notion to him. He said he had no objection to playing a friendly match, perhaps in a foursome along with the friend who had put us in touch. But

he said if I intended to write about him, about playing against him in a competition, well, that was another matter. The conditions would have to be those of a tournament.

"But, Mr. Hogan," I said, "the chances of our meeting in a tournament . . . I mean, are you suggesting that I turn pro? My handicap is 18, Mr. Hogan."

"Well, that's your problem," he said. He was not being unkind or scornful. He had an acute sense of what the great component of his ability was—the competitiveness—and if it was to be described, he wanted it to be assessed at its keenest, under the stress of tournament conditions.

I told the Boca Raton member about it, and he smiled. "I rather expected that," he said. "Well, you had the chance to find out about that man's pride. That must be worth something."

"Well, sure," I said. "Sure. It must be."

PHONE CALL TO BRUNO

When I arrived at Pebble Beach for the Crosby, I checked in at the Del Monte Lodge.

"No," the ladies behind the tables in the tournament headquarters said, "Mr. Hogan is not playing in the Crosby this year. Your partner is"—they looked it up on the peering sheets—"Bob Bruno. Tomorrow you'll go off with him at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club in a foursome with Manuel de la Torre and his amateur partner, Bill Healey."

They gave me Bruno's telephone number. He was staying at a small motel in Monterey. I called him, and we talked briefly. He had

finished his day's practice. He would meet me tomorrow on the first tee. I told him about my golf, my 18 handicap, and I said I hoped he wouldn't mind being saddled with such a thing. He sounded very pleasant. He said no, that for "ham 'n' egg"—that is to say, combining in a good partnership—a player with a high handicap, if he got onto his game, could be tremendously useful.

Afterward I asked around about him. No one knew much, except that he was awfully big. He turned out to be 6'5½", about the tallest professional on the tour—up there, with George Archer and George Beyer. His best paydays had been none too glorious, a 10th at St. Paul in 1964, where he won \$1,675, and a 12th at Seattle that same year, for which he won \$1,100.

Bruno's status as a golfer (and he would admit it, if ruefully) was in the lower echelons of the touring pros—in the category known as "rabbits." These were golfers on the tour who were beginning their careers, or whose play was erratic or in the doldrums. They had to play in a qualifying tournament—usually held on a Monday—and fight it out among themselves for the available slots in the draw of the regular tournament. In the Los Angeles Open, for example, which preceded the Crosby, there had been 20 open slots in the draw for which about 250 "rabbits" had been forced to compete.

"Bruno may be a rabbit," someone said, "but he could be a very fine player, a much better one, if he would retain his composure."

"His what?" I asked.

"Well, his difficulties with golf sometimes get the better of him. You're likely to find out.

The problem of club selection had an emotional element, it being necessary for Phogson to bend down and Abe to lift up. At right, in an early and still hopeful moment, Bruno offered advice.



It's rather distressing," I must have looked concerned. "Maybe it won't happen," my informant said brightly. "Partner him well; help him with maybe six strokes a side, and the two of you will get along fine, just fine."

THE HIRING OF ABE

I went around to the pro shop at Del Monte Lodge and inquired about getting a caddy for the tournament. Almost all the golfers, I was told, both professional and amateur, had already checked in, and most of the caddies had been assigned. There might be somebody left out back, they said.

I looked out there, and a caddy hurried up and introduced himself. Abe, his name was—a very small man encased in oversized clothes, an extra-long windbreaker over a worn dark sweater, the baggy pants of a top-buzzing comedian hanging loosely on him and making him look, from afar, like a wolf.

Abe said that I was lucky to get him. He wasn't just any "bag-toter." He knew the three Monterey courses from 20, maybe 30 years' experience and had "packed" bags for some of the "great ones."

"You ain't a pro?" he asked hopefully.

"I'm afraid not," I said.

We went out that afternoon to get in as much of a practice round as we could before darkness fell. We played the ocean holes of Pebble Beach under a setting sun. Out in the sea hundreds of whales were moving north, so that sometimes, looking out, one could spot a dozen or so spouts at the same time, a feather of spray, pink in the dying sun, and

then the distant dark roll of the body beneath.

Abe said as we walked along that he was originally a seafaring man. He had come west from Massachusetts, and he had been with the sardine fleet out of Monterey in the days when the schools were thick and lay out beyond the kelp beds. He had become a furniture mover after that, caddying when he had the time. And in the evening, when the tides were right, he went down to the rocks and beaches where the sea boiled in at the famous ocean-side holes of Cypress Point and Pebble Beach and, equipped with a long pole and a sack, he scraped around for lost golf balls.

He told me that on a good day he would come up out of the sea with his sack full up with balls. The activity was not quite legal because of the trespassing laws, so he would set out for home across the golf course with his coat buttoned and straining across the bulge of the sack. His notion was that the club officials, if they saw him out there, might take him for a pregnant woman out for a stroll in the twilight—that was his hope.

"They would have had to be pretty near-sighted, Abe," I said, looking at him. We were waiting on the 6th for a pair in front of us. He was so sheet that he had to carry my golf bag slantwise on his back, like a soldier carrying a brocade, and I noticed that the clubs often began to slide out as he walked. He smoked incessantly, never flicking at his cigarette, so that at developed long curved ashes that wavered and finally dropped whole to be on the grass like gray cicada husks. He had a terrific smoker's cough and wheeze.

"The top day I ever had on the beaches," he was saying, "was 350 balls. I dragged my-

self across the course *that* day. They seen me, they'd thought I was having twins, two big ones. In the golf shops I could count on getting 50¢ a ball if they weren't too sea-logged. Then the price was 20¢."

The wad continued. I asked Abe if he had ever played golf. He thought about it and said that in 25 years he had played three holes. In fact, he had played the last of the holes not more than two weeks before. I asked how it had gone. He said that for someone just keeping his hand in, he wasn't so bad. He hadn't kept score because, after all, as he put it, he wasn't in a tournament. Besides, he had only used one club.

I had a good round that afternoon, playing relaxed golf, and Abe, when I told him my handicap was 18, whistled and said "we" would have an interesting tournament.

I noticed that, like many caddies, he referred to his golfer as "we" when things were going well. After a good drive he would say, "We're right down the middle. Yeah, we're right down the damn pike." In adversity, the first person "we" was dropped and the second and third person would appear. The caddy would say after gazing at a duck hook: "You're dead. You're off there way to the left." Or in reminiscing to another caddy about a day's round, he would shift gears in mid-sentence: "So we're right down the fairway, lying one, and then what does he do but hit it fat."

It was dark when we got in. Our starting time in the tournament was 10:15 the next morning. Abe said that he would come and fetch me very early for some work on the practice tee. He told me to get a good rest.

continued

A friend at the lodge had seen the two of us walk in from the course. "Who's that little guy with you?" he had asked.

"My caddie," I said.

"You're in trouble. He doesn't look like he can lift a golf ball, much less a bag. And what was that sound?"

"He wheezes somewhat," I said. "Hell, he's a professional furniture mover."

"What does he carry, tea tables?" my friend said.

"You wait," I said. "You just wait."

PRACTICE TEE TACTICS

One item I had not thought to bring on the tour was a bag of practice balls. The Del Monte Lodge did not supply the familiar wire poles filled with red-circled practice balls that one is able to rent at almost all country clubs. Abe had told me not to mind. He said he would scrounge around his house and bring some practice balls with him the next morning so we could get some "loosening up" before the first round started. He said he had some balls "down cellar," he thought, from his shoreline-collecting days, and he would fetch them up.

Early the next morning he banged on the door of my room at the lodge, and I could hear him breathing and clearing his throat, and he called out, "Don't be keeping too long." So I got ready, and we walked out to the practice tee through the early morning, with the first ground mist easing off the grass and a chill in the air that retuned one of duck-shooting downs. It was still so dark on the tee that with a few golfers already practicing one heard rather than saw the quick snish of the wet-weather gear of a golfer in his swing and the click of the club head cutting through, and then the hum of the ball flying out over the dark field. Far in the distance the caddies, just dark shapes from where we were, could look up and see the ball against the sky, which was light, so they could follow its flight and move accordingly. Pretty soon, with the sun coming quickly, the balls sailing out would, at the top of their trajectory, glow gold suddenly, like planets. Down below, where we stood, it was still dark. A tall line of pines close behind us cut the light, and one could

hardly see the wooden tee in the grass on which to place the ball.

Abe had a fishnet bag with him, a small clutch of balls bunched in the bottom. We found a place in the line, and he rolled the practice balls out on the tee. There were about eight of them. Even in the gloom I could see their condition—one of the balls rolling erratically, like a pean—and I asked, "Abe, is that a gutta-percha you've got in there?"

"Gutta-percha?"

"They just seem a mite shop-soften," I said. "Well," Abe said, "I keep things down cellar I can't get rid of easy."

He strolled out across the practice field, his fishnet bag dangling loosely. I hit some eight- and nine-irons to him, just to get limber, and the rickety balls fluttered out to him noisily, like paper in a windstorm. I noticed Abe ranged after them with great agility, and even when I was teeing up a ball he seemed to be moving about out there in the gloom, looking and darting like a cattle egret.

Paul Christman, the former football star and a broadcaster at present, was down the line from me. He was also hitting out short irons. He had an eye on Abe.

"That caddie of yours has great range," he called to me. "He's moving around like a free safety."

I hit all the balls out to Abe except the one that had rolled like a pean. It had done so, as I now could see in the brightening light, because a portion of its interior protruded like a polyp from a rip in the cover. I waved for Abe. He trotted in. He gave a glance at the remaining ball.

"I thought it might explode if I hit it," I said.

"No mind," he said. He poured the contents of his fishnet bag out on the grass. These were now about 20 balls, many of them shockingly bright and pristine, with not a mark on them except perhaps, as I imagined suddenly, a small PC for Paul Christman stamped on the cover. Christman was a very serious amateur golfer, the sort who might stamp his practice balls. He was always on the practice tee when I looked out there.

I peered warily down the line toward him. Abe was wheezing loudly with pleasure. "I got you," he announced.

"Yes," I said, softly. "So I see."

When the sun pulled up over the pines and the practice field shone in its light, Abe had to cut down on his activities. But his fishnet bag was always bulkier when we had finished a morning's practice. I noticed that he thinned out the crop when he got home, picking out the best ones, because each morning he would arrive with his "down cellar" balls, the original seven or eight, the ball with the polyp among them.

"I thought we had more of these," I said one morning.

"I found eight balls down cellar. You lost one when you hooked it that time. Now there are seven," he said to me, reproachfully.

THE FIRST HOLE

I met Bruno out on the tee on the first day of the tournament. He seemed serious and well-meaning, a big-featured man with a slightly pecked face. He was wearing a black golfer's glove. He said he had been to bed quite early the night before. He is very difficult to get up, he went on. People really have to work on him, pummel him and pull, and sometimes they just give up. He didn't want that to happen, so he had had a long night's rest. And there he was, he said smiling, ready to tear the course apart.

The first hole at Monterey was a par-5, an easy one, perhaps the easiest hole in the tournament, downhill off an elevated tee, onto a wide fairway through the pines, mottled with the slants of the early-morning sun flickering through, and the shadows blue-green. The pro shop is set right behind the first tee. A small crowd was on hand. It was cold, and many of them were in the pro shop looking out through the plate-glass window.

Bruno and I won the honor I drove first. "Keep it easy," I kept telling myself. The shot boomed down the fairway, long and straight, and behind the bay window a few spectators clicked their rings and knuckles against the glass in approbation. Bruno was delighted.

"It's a smokin'!" he said.

I had a good lie, and my second shot was nearly as long as the first, and straight, rolling up to within 40 yards of the green.

"We're moving," said Abe.

As we walked along, I began to feel guilty

about my 18 handicap. Would the golf committee complain? Would fingers be pointed and voices lowered when I entered the Del Monte Lodge with six natural birdies on my scorecard—our team score some 17 or 18 strokes ahead of the nearest competitor?

Bruno came up and walked alongside to encourage me. "You're in great shape," he said. "A good approach, and you've got a chance at a birdie. With your handicap stroke, that'll start us off great—two under par."

I studied the next shot with care. I took out a pitching wedge, a club I felt easy with, but as I stood over the ball, bringing back the club, my old terror of being an unwieldy machine swept over me, and I shook the shot, dumping it into a trap off to one side of the green. The ball had skidded off almost at a diagonal. The silence was absolute until I broke it with a strained cry, as if after the first two superb shots the absurdity of the third was unbelievable—like two graceful steps from a ballerina, and then a spiky-legged pratfall, a thump and a high squeak of dismay.

I stalked miserably into the trap, and—*not* catching enough sand with my wedge—I lifted the ball into a grove of pines on the other side of the green. I was still about 40 yards away, just the distance I'd been two strokes back. The ball was stymied in the pines, and it took me two more strokes to get out.

"Pick it up," Bruno called petulantly. "There's no use." He himself had bogeyed the hole. We had started off the tournament by losing one stroke to par on the easiest hole on the peninsula.

"I'm awful sorry," I said to Bruno.

"I told your caddy to stick that pitching wedge in the bag and leave it there," he said. "You had a clear line. You should've rolled it up there with a four- or a five-iron—a pitch-and-run shot." He shook his head.

"I'm not so hot on those," I said. "I've always felt comfortable with that wedge."

"We'll get going," he said more cheerfully. "Hell, we've got 53 holes to go."

I never quite got over that first hole. "It is not a crime to play a bad shot," Bernard Darwin, the great English golf writer, once wrote. "A player may yet be a good husband and a good father and a true Christian gentleman."

Perhaps he is right. But at the time Darwin seemed to me to be begging the issue.

LAME, HALT AND . . .

We ended the first day's play discouraged. Bruno's score was 77, and our team score of 74 was 14 strokes behind the leaders. I was unnerved by my own game. It was my hope that a professional, perhaps a player considered a great "teaching pro" by his fellows and one to whom they go for advice (Gardner Dickinson is one of these, I was told) would take a glance at my swing and say, "Well now, look here, you've got to bring the left hand around jes' a mite, and maybe you got to open up your stance some. Try that." And then down on the practice tee I would do what had been suggested. I would move the left hand around and open the stance, and the ball would take off into the distance with an entire quality and verve about it that had not been there before.

In fact, of course, the pros have enough to worry about, and their advice to their amateurs is usually limited to the choice of a club, or often, if requested, they will read the green for their partner. Bruno rarely had anything to say. He cared terribly, but very often he looked away as I addressed the ball, turning his body and staring moodily off into the pines. I was reminded of Ben Hogan's caddy at Carmouche when Hogan won the British Open. The caddy had the disconcerting habit of dropping his head in his hands just as Hogan was about to putt. It was not the most assuring of reactions.

The only memorable suggestion on my play came not from a professional but from Andy Williams, the singer. I was at a dinner table with him in the Del Monte Lodge the evening after the first round, and he turned to me and suggested that one's putting might be improved by executing the stroke, assuming that it was a short putt, with one's eyes shut tight.

"What's that?" I asked.

"You hit the putt with the eyes closed," Williams said. "What you do is look at the ball, and then at the cup, concentrating on both, so that when you close your eyes the scene is still right there in your mind—like when you look at a bright light bulb and close your eyes, the light's still there, just the outline of it, right?"

"Sure."

"Well, then you putt," Williams said. "The

beauty of it is that if you putt with your eyes closed, there are no distractions, no newspapers blowing to complicate things, no sudden movement in the gallery, and you don't have the idea that your caddy is scowling at you. The trouble with putting with your eyes open is that there is too much to notice, too much for the mind to grasp. With the eyes closed, all the extraneous matter is wiped out, even the color, and what you have left in your mind's eye are the essentials—the ball and the cup."

"Do you actually do this?" I asked, fascinated. "Are you seriously telling me that you putt with your eyes closed?"

He looked at me. "You must be mad," he said. "Who'd have enough courage to close his eyes? Or tell anyone else about it if he did? Can you imagine what would happen if such a thing got around the country club, and just as you were about to putt some practical joker bent down and snatched the ball away, so that with the mind just tight with concentration you move the putter for that little putt and hit nothing, nothing at all? Can you imagine what that would do to the sanity of a golfer?"

"Well, that's a thought," I said.

I tried it, though, out on the practice putting green in front of the lodge, just to make sure it wasn't a revelation of great value. I told Abe about it. He was scornful. "I got enough troubles," he said, "to be worrying about leading some golfer around the course who keeps his eyes closed."

"It's just for putting."

"Well," said Abe. "It might get to be a habit." He shook his head and refused to talk about it further. "Why don't you go and get yourself some good advice so that we can get ourselves moving in this tournament?"

THE RAGE OF BRUNO

Perhaps I had Abe's exhortations in mind on the 4th at Cypress Point where, with my eyes open, I made one of my best shots of the Crosby, a 40-foot putt. I let off a whoop, and everybody stood around grinning. But Bruno missed his putt, and suddenly his temper left him; it just siddled off, and the rage came in and settled. He purred out with dispatch, handed the club to his caddy and accepted his

continued

ON THE TOUR

Continued



The posters became aboard, raving from the spread formosa required for straddling a rider to the graceless hellet of a close putt—it rolled—and the disfigure of a new seeking for the shot in a shelter 60 feet from the tee

driver in return. But on the way to the next tee, striding along, he suddenly swerved off the path into the woods. He disappeared. We could hear him moving through the underbrush. Then we heard an odd bopping sound.

Someone looked and said, "My God, he's in there beating his driver against a stump!"

I peered around a tree to look, and it was true. I saw him in there, a tall figure with his golf hat a startling white in the dark shadows of the eucalyptus forest, flailing away, the club swinging in the air like a willow switch and then the echoing *bo* as it hit, as if he were trying to drive the stump and its network of roots down into the earth.

We stood around on the path uneasily, wearing the cowlike expression of children among whom one has collapsed into tears. The bopping continued. The caddies moved restlessly, the irons clanking in the golf bags. I wondered vaguely if I should wander into the woods and try to fetch him out, sidling up to him as he toiled at the stump, and there would be an easy, calming phrase to say: "Anything I can do to help, Bob?" I was, after all, his partner.

The clubbing stopped abruptly. After a while we heard Bruno's footsteps again. He came out on the path. He still held the driver, its shaft down near the club head bent in a grotesque curve. He saw us staring at him. He seemed aghast. He was purged and controlled again, but he didn't know how to put it right with us. His caddie, who was a florid-faced youngster, very stout, not long out of school, looked petrified. "Bob . . . er . . . ah," he mumbled. "You want me to try to straighten that club?"

"I'll have to use the three-wood," Bruno said. He turned the driver in his hand and stared at it miserably. "This thing's done with. I got another driver in the back of the car, but this is the one I liked."

We started along for the tee. "I'm sorry, everybody," he said. "My game is just so damn terrible."

The compassion for him among the rest of us was immense. On the tee our team had the honor due to my great putt that had given Bruno and me a birdie on the hole, the exhilaration of which still tickled in me despite the drama in the forest.

"We're on our way, Bob," I called.

Bruno stepped up first. Due to the loft of the three-wood, his drive, despite teeing the ball down low, soared up until the ball almost lost itself against the sky before beginning its downward flight, which was nearly vertical from the apex and was completely so as it hit the fairway, so that the ball bounced straight up and came to rest, it seemed to us watching from the tee, not more than a foot or so from where it had landed. There was an obvious loss of yardage due to the trajectory of the ball, but one would not have known this from the chorus of approbation that rose from our little group.

"Sweet shot, Bob!"

"Bob, you really popped it!"

"Great poke, Bob!"

Bruno knew better, and he slumped down on the bench by the side of the tee and stared between his feet.

I then stepped up to the ball, meaning to do my best for him, my concern for him really quite palpable in some corner of my mind, and after a quick check down the alley of pines that opened up into the wide fairway beyond I looked sharply at the Tiflet I on its tee and then drove it 50 yards in a low, hard trajectory into one of the pines just at the end of the alley. It hit with a bopping sound, and then another as it ricocheted through the quiet pine groves, and I was struck suddenly that the sound was exactly what we'd heard when Bruno was whacking of the stump with his driver—perhaps more hollow and a bit sharper, but about the same—so that sitting on the bench, his head down (I'm certain that he never looked up to see me hit my drive), he heard once again the mournful sound of his own rage, an audible reflection of his despairing moments back up the path.

Then he heard me calling out cheerily, more concerned for his melancholy than my own: "Sorry, Bob, I'm truly sorry. But you'll pull us through."

He rose off the bench. He said tightly: "It's all right. It's all right."

When our foursome moved off the tee, Bruno's caddy took the bent driver and matter-of-factly worked the woolen cover with the red pompon down over the club head and the curved shaft and set the club back in the bag. The club was bent at its end in a curve so pronounced that it seemed as if what was

under the woolen cover was a shepherd's crook. I was surprised Bruno didn't fling it away somewhere, into the sea perhaps on the ocean holes, but it stayed the day with us, palpable evidence, like a car with its hood askew, reminding us of the crisis in the woods.

PROFESSIONAL PATOIS

After the second day's round it was evident that the Bruno-Plimpton team was not going to make the cut. On the third day we would be required to pick up almost a stroke a hole to continue as a team for the fourth and final day. On his individual score, Bruno's average was such that he would have to struggle to make the cut. I left him working on his putting in the semidarkness and went into the lodge. Dave Marr, the former PGA champion, saw me wandering by, and he called out cheerfully to me, "They tell me you were doing a lot of chilly-dipping out there today."

Not knowing what the term meant, it did not seem an assessment that I could agree to readily.

So I said, "Well . . . ah."

"You were hitting some shots out there that weren't making any noise," Marr said.

It seemed safe to say, "That's so," so I did.

"You had those divots coming up and just curling over the ball."

"That's right," I said, surer of myself. "Absolutely."

We went down to the bar and joined some of the other golfers. I asked about "chilly-dipping," just to be certain, and they said it meant a flub, the same as not putting any "noise" on the ball. They began talking about golf expressions, and how they had changed through the years.

In the present-day idiom a player with a bad round, such as the one I'd had, was described as having "crashed and burned." He would complain that his game had been troubled by "snipes" or "blue darters" (hooks). He would say that he had hit too many shots into the "tall and uncut," "the asparagus," "the cabbage," "the zucchini," "the lettuce" or "Marlboro Country"—all expressions for the rough. If he wasn't in the rough, he was in the sand traps, which were referred to as "cat boxes," "silicons," "on the beach" or in the

"bogey dust." Actually, "bogey dust" could be used for any shot out of the fairway, as in, "Man, I never saw that shot, but she sure blew up the bogey dust." Another variation was "Baby, that duck hook's moving those field mice for real."

As for expressions describing shots well hit, they had changed considerably. A few years ago a professional golfer would say, "I was hitting it a ton today." Now he says: "The Fat Man (Nicklaus) really shot the lights out today." Or he'll say, of a good strong shot hit by his partner, "Man, you put some *Assini* on that one." Or perhaps, "Partner, you really got some *si-fi* on that shot." A long, low drive would be "a frozen rope," and a long putt successfully sunk is referred to as a "field goal" or a "gobbler" or a "snake," as in "on the 12th I got me a snake." A short putt is a "knee-knocker" and would be stroked from an area called "the throw-up zone." A fine approach shot would be described by a pro as having been knocked "stony," or perhaps his partner would say, "Man, you hit that one *adjacent*." A great shot, if it is hit at the right time, is always a "bracer shot."

Such golfing expressions are often shifted to suit everyday observations. For example, sipping at his beer, a golfer might say about the girl across the bar room:

"An unrikked sand trap."

Or perhaps, which was the ultimate in disparagement, "She's 18 off the reds," using the term for a handicap of 18 off the women's tees to indicate their low opinion.

"She's two off the blues," would suggest a girl ranked very high in the general estimation.

The handicap system could be applied to anything. A golfer, looking out at the weather in the morning, could call back over his shoulder and indicate its state to a mitty—from "scratch off the blues" to "18 off the reds," this last meaning, very likely, a blizzard, or that the golfer was suffering a terrible hang-over and had a bad day to face.

Some of the transitions were involved and took some work to understand. For example, seeing a girl of questionable reputation leaning against the bar, a golfer would say, "George, see that bird. Well, you wouldn't say about her that she's got a real strong right hand, would you?"

I leaned forward, puzzled. "I don't get it."

continued

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ON THE TOUR

continued

"What happens if your right hand comes in with too much power? What do you call a person who has that problem?"

"A slicer," I said, thinking about it. "A slicer."

"So?"

"Oh, yes," I'd say, looking at the girl, "that's pretty damn clever." And they all sat back, pleased, sipping at their beer.

Nicknames? I asked, I supposed these must be colorful, considering the lively patios of the game. The players looked at each other. Well, there were the familiar ones. Mike Souchak, he was called "Smokey the Bear," for looking like the original article. Ken Venturi was known as "Silks," though no one was quite sure why. Usually a player who wore fancy golfing trousers of a special material was known as Silks. But that wasn't particularly true of Venturi. Many of the names came with the player onto the tour. Charles Sifford had always been "The Horse," Harold Kenne "The Catfish," Gene Littler "The Machine," Paul Harney "Boston Blackie," Kermit Zarley, for his somewhat extraterrestrial name, was called "The Pro from the Moon," Lionel Hebert, the Louisiana, was known as "Lionel from Montreal" from the tag line of a Cajun song he sang. Gardner Dickinson, for being Ben (The Hawk) Hogan's imitator, with an identical golf style and for affecting the same clothes, in particular the famous white cloth cap, was called "The Chicken Hawk," though never within his hearing. If golfers sitting around a cocktail table caught Dickinson in a cough, or even clearing his throat, they would say to each other behind half-cupped hands, "Oh-oh, Ben's come down with a bad cold, sure enough."

One of the best nicknames (for its derivation) that I was told was Jack McGowan's. "Deadman" they called him, a name not derived from his personal appearance, but from caddies, who hung it on him for his habit of calling out rapidly after a poor shot, "Man, I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm dead over there, just dead over there, just dead!"

"You have a name yet?" they asked me.

"Not yet," I said, thinking back on the calamities of the day. "First, I got to put some nose on my shot," I said, trying out the phrase. "Some swift."

"Yes, you try that," they said earnestly.

NEXT WEEK Zero contends with three of golf's merriest tests, as he plays the 16th at Cypress Point, the 18th at Pebble Beach and then, in San Francisco, faces Anne's Army.

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE WEST 1. UCLA (14-0) 2. PACIFIC (12-1) 1. BRIGHAM YOUNG (10-5)

It did not take long for the word to get around the Western AC. New Mexico is fair game for a zone defense. Now everybody is using it against the poor Lobos. UTAH tried it, but Coach Jack Gardner had some doubts when Mel Daniels beat his zone for 28 points and New Mexico led by 11 with four minutes to go. But the Utes played with it, rallied and Wali Simon's running hooker caught the Lobos at the barrier 66-64. Next BRIGHAM YOUNG came up with a slogging zone that thwarted New Mexico's fanciest patterns, and the Lobos were unable to adjust. Sophomore Ken Lingo threw in 22 points, 6'11" Jim Eskins got 21 and BYU won big 89-73. So now the Cougars, who also smashed Wyoming 97-75, are the class of the WAC, with Utah, a 93-83 winner over the Cowboys, a close second.

It was exactly as wacking a cased in a mini-skirt when UCLA went up against Portland and Santa Barbara. Lew Alcindor and his friends, especially backcourtiers Lucius Allen and Mike Warren, simply demolished the visitors. Alcindor scored 27 points and Warren 21 in a 122-57 trouncing of Portland that set a Bruin scoring record. Allen piled up 37 and Alcindor 34 as UCLA pounded Santa Barbara 119-75.

Seattle learned the facts of life-on-the-road, UTAH STATE, with a quick man-to-man that put pressure on the Chieftains at mid-court, forced the soundouts into 23 turnovers

16 of them outright thefts. Jim Smith got 27 points, Les Powell 24 and Shaker Holman 21 as the Aggies won 107-91. At Ogden, WYOMING STATE jammed up Seattle's inside game with a tight man-to-man, Dan Sparks and Nolan Archibald got 31 points between them and the Wildcats ran off with the game 86-72. With Seattle faltering, Utah State was the area's ranking independent after beating Colorado State 83-70.

THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (12-1) 2. VANDERBILT (13-2) 3. WESTERN KENTUCKY (14-1)

Florida's hopes for its first SEC championship suddenly got bogged down in Tennessee's smothering "quacksand" defense. The persevering Vols, playing Coach Ray Meyer's combination zone and disciplined ball-control game, caught the Gators twice,

66-53 and 56-42. At Gainesville, Tom Hendrix, Ron Worthy and Phil Juvon shot over Florida's big men. At Knoxville, the Tennessee hustlers took the boards away from the tall Gators and gave them only 34 shots.

VANDERBILT moved into first place, half a game ahead of Tennessee and idle Mississippi State, but getting there was not all that easy. Auburn gave Vandy a taste before losing 71-65. The most bizarre game of the week, however, was in Athens. While Kentucky's Adolph Rupp fretted, GEORGIA held the ball and the Wildcats were ahead 8-6 at the half. Then the "Dogs began to move. Jim Youngblood shot seven for seven, piled up 20 points and Georgia took Kentucky 49-40 for the first time in 17 years. "It looks like they plain outsmarted us," admitted Rupp. But there was some retribution for The Baron. He gave KENTUCKY a new offense—four players stacked down the baseline and a guard at the top of the circle.

For Auburn, and it got the "Cats their first SEC win, 60-58 on Bob Tallent's jump shot with seven seconds to go. Georgia, meanwhile, lost to old rival GEORGIA TECH 79-53.

The killer instinct finally emerged in western KENTUCKY. The Hilltoppers, who had been piddling around for weeks, took out after Morehead like a pack of avengers. Clem Haskins led the assault with 25 points, and Western rolled 109-69. CLIMSON, after a 68-48 whacking from MARYLAND, stormed back to beat Furman 82-67 and Virginia Tech 70-68.

One player who was exciting the pro scouts was Earl Monroe, a 6'3" gunner who is averaging 44.2 points a game and shooting at a 63% clip. He is the nation's top scorer, can play anywhere and has led WYOMING-STATE to a 14-1 record. Last week Monroe got 42 in a 103-94 rout of Elizabeth City Teachers and 38 more in an 87-83 win over North Carolina A&T. How good is Monroe? Well, when asked if he thought he was the best in the country Monroe wanted to know, "Including the pros?" What do the pros think? "A sure No 1 draft choice."

THE EAST 1. PRINCETON (13-1) 2. BROWN COLLEGE (10-1) 3. ST. JOHN'S (12-1)

Most of the East's big teams were off last week, but La Salle was not that lucky. The Explorers, a without all season, tried desperately to make a run at WESTERN KENTUCKY. With sophomore Larry Cannon playing superbly he had 26 points and 25

rebounds), they even led Western by a point in the second half. But the Hilltoppers' foul-shooting skill—they made their first 20 and 21 of 23 in all—pulled them through 95-86 for their 14th straight. "We lost it on a thousand missed layups," grumped La Salle's Joe Heyer.

Just when ST. JOSEPH'S was beginning to have trouble with Penn, sub Mike Kempka came off the bench to score three straight baskets. He finished with 20 points. Cliff Anderson rattled in 31 and St. Joe's won 85-78. VILLANOVA was looking better, too. Xavier never did figure out the Wildcats' tricky combination defense and went down 75-59. ST. JOHN'S, although far off its usual form, still beat Pitt 95-66. Pitt's Bob Tammons had a plausible explanation for the Redmen's bumbling. "How the heck can you get a team up for us?" he asked sadly.

PENN STATE, which can hardly win anywhere but at home these days, upset West Virginia 102-99 for its 31st in a row at State College. Improved only cross delirated Springfield 70-64, but Canisius lost to MORHBAD 63-62. CONNECTICUT edged Fordham 67-66. CORNELL rolled over Columbia 74-40 and ARMY routed Dartmouth 74-44. But there was some consolation for Coach Dave Gavitt's team. DARTMOUTH surprised Harvard 67-63 to end a 19-game Ivy League losing streak.

THE MIDWEST

1. LOUISVILLE (15-2)
2. CINCINNATI (12-3) 3. KANSAS (12-3)

"I know what will happen when we get to Boulder," predicted Kansas Coach Ted Owens. "Of Sox Walcott will come by the motel the morning of the game, he'll bring all his family. We'll have coffee and he'll cry and cry about his team." Actually COLORADO's Walcott did have something to cry about. Regulars Lynn Baker and Chuck Williams were out with injuries. But Walcott shifted his Bulls into a "guards special" offense—the guards cut off a double post—instead of their usual shuffle, and Colorado had the Jayhawks in a 59-59 tie with one second to play. Then Kansas' Roger Bohmenschel foolishly fouled Steve Rowe. Rowe made his first shot and missed the second, but both Bakers tipped it in and the Bulls won 62-59. KANSAS, however, recovered to beat Iowa State 72-65 and tie Colorado and KANSAS STATE, a 75-59 winner over Oklahoma State, for the Big Eight lead.

LOUISVILLE had just thumped independent Dayton 65-50, and the Cards were set on turning the Missouri Valley race into a runaway. CINCINNATI had lost to ARIZONA 64-59 and seemed like easy pickings. But the Bengals' sagging defense held Westley Unsell to 16 points. Butch Beard had trouble getting 13 ("We just played them belly to belly," explained Coach Tay Baker) and Gordon Smith, a 6'2" sophomore guard, plunked

in a little jumper from inside the foul circle to win for Cincy 59-58. That put Cincinnati back in the running, behind Wichita State and Tulsa. But Wichita State hardly looked like a contender against tough "little" SOUTHERN ILLINOIS (page 19). The Salukis tied up the Shockers with a zone defense and whipped them 77-55.

Life in the Big Ten was just one upset after another. It did not seem likely that MICHIGAN, an last place with three straight losses, could possibly beat Michigan State. But the Wolverines, frolicking under the boards as in the old Bloody Nose Lane days, shocked Michigan State 81-59. Ohio State got it, too, from MINNESOTA 67-60. Only NORTHWESTERN survived, but barely, 90-83, against Iowa's frenzied press.

Undefeated in 1990, 10-0 after beating Villanova 72-65 in overtime, was beginning to worry about MIAMI of Ohio in the Mid-American. Coach Yates Locke's runty Redskins whipped Ohio U. 68-56. Kent State 77-47 and were 4-1 in the league. Among the independents, DAYTON trounced DePaul 81-65, while SAVER routed Memphis State's good defense to win 88-78.

THE SOUTHWEST

1. HOUSTON (14-1) 2. TEXAS WESTERN (12-2) 3. SMU (10-4)

The very OKLAHOMA CITY's droll Abe Lemons tells it, playing the teasing Swedish Natomak was an exercise in semantics. "We played international rules, with all that kickin' and seraihin," Abe explains, "and early in the game, before the officials caught on that the visitors could speak some English, one of their players let loose with a naughty word. The referee pointed an accusing finger at one of our boys and charged him with a technical. 'But I didn't say it,' my boy hollered, while the Swedish player walked away chuckling." Eventually the officials did catch on. When Swedish Coach Ralph Telkin and his team erupted in a rage over a call one player was thrown out of the game, and the visitors were hit with three technicals. Oklahoma City went on to win 97-92 in overtime, and Lemons was philosophical about the whole thing. "Well," he said, "I guess I've done my bit for international relations." His domestic relations improved, too, when the Chiefs routed Weu Texas 128-103 as Gary Gray, a slam 6'1" sharpshooter, fired in 55 points.

HOUSTON was idle, but TEXAS WESTERN thoroughly deflated Weber State. The Miners, playing diligent defense, shut off Weber's fast break. "Big Daddy D" Lattin threw in 17 points and TW won easily 72-38. While TCU, the Southwest Conference leader, was busy with exams, one challenger gained ground and another lost some. SMU beat Arkansas 69-59, but Texas was surprised by TEXAS A&M 68-59.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SCREAMS AND SIGNS

Sirs:

From Bart Starr to Marilyn Tindall in one short week is perhaps the most welcome cover change SI has ever made. "New Swimsuits in the New Arizona," Jan. 16). Our eyes were just recovering from the electronic scaring they received from all the bowl games on TV. Marilyn and her friends were the best bait that could have been prescribed.

TOM ELLIOTT
DON SULLIVAN

Pottstown, Pa.

Sirs:

How come my wife had your January 16 issue from me?

LARRY R. WESTLEY

Rochester, Mich.

Sirs:

The strength of a nation depends on the morals of its citizens. We teachers are molding the citizens of our great nation, and we do not want the magazines that come into our school libraries to be covered with nearly nude feminine bodies. The human body is a work of art because it was fashioned by a Supreme Being, but its beauty is best portrayed with clothing and not with strains of cloth.

My copy was burned immediately, and the subscription will cease. Perhaps you do not know it, but nudity is more destructive to our youth than an atom bomb.

SISTER MARY EPIHEM

Loretto, Ky.

Sirs:

The American sportsman wants to read about the sports events that are going on all the time. He does not want to see the latest fashions in clothes. Please transfer my subscription to my sister.

BARRY J. STILA

Greenville, N.C.

Sirs:

The cover picture of Marilyn Tindall remains etched in my mind like a magnificent sunset. Hundreds of eligible bachelors will undoubtedly ask for particulars concerning Miss Tindall. I, however, wish to be the first to ask for a Julie Campbell reject, which is to say, a girl unquestionably beautiful but merely human.

JOHN E. HAMMOND

Huntsville, Ala.

Sirs:

What's a mother to do? There are more than enough sexy magazines on the newsstands, and there are so many good points

about SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Why must pictures like these be included?

FLORENCE E. MOSES

Columbus, Ohio

MIRAGES

Sirs:

That girl on your cover is as pretty as a wren in a saguaro, and Liz Smith's article, *The Desert Is Arizona's Green*, in the same issue accurately captures the pulse of our Valley of the Sun. As a desert rat, I'd like to tell your readers about the sport of surfing in Arizona. Although landlocked, our inventive youth "surf" in rapids formed by the confluence of the Verde and Salt rivers east of Mesa. A long rope is anchored at one end to the limb of a cottonwood near the fork and tied at the other end to a wide, plywood "surfboard." The rider can then hot-dog anywhere within the downstream radius of the rope. Wipe-outs cause the surfer to be carried 100 yards or so in the swift currents before he can reach the bank.

Thank you for bringing back wonderful memories of a great land to this homesick sailor on duty in Hawaii.

LILLI J. JOHNS P. FREDERICK, USN

Ewa Beach, Hawaii

Sirs:

Take another look at the caption under the photograph on page 39 of your Jan. 16 issue. Unless they have changed the name of Flagstaff, Ariz. to Falstaff, this has to go down as one of the best Freudian slips in U.S. journalism. Or perhaps The Old Pro has infiltrated your staff? Falstaff, that is,

JAMES R. FISHER

Americus, Ga.

● As Old Pro Shakespeare wrote: "We will yet have more Tricks with Falstaff" (*Merry Wives, Act III, Scene 3*).—ED.

OUT OF THE WOODS

Sirs:

Frank Deford has allowed his penchant for the superlative to so obscure his vision that he mistook the tall trees of Florida for the Black and Gold forest at Vanderbilt (*Tall, Stained and Garveyed*, Jan. 16).

Florida was defeated by Vandy. So was Western Kentucky, and these teams were ranked Nos. 2 and 3 in the South by Mervyn Hyman (*BASKETBALL'S WEEK*). SMU, ranked third in the Southwest by Hyman, was also trounced by the Commodores. Northwestern, at the top at the Big Ten, was utterly demolished by Vandy.

And tell Mr. Deford there is a reason Florida's Gary Keller had a bad night against Vandy: he was outkicked. There are no bag names on the Commodore team, merely

five players averaging in double figures; and one of them is a substitute.

ROBERT A. YOUNGERMAN

Chicago

Sirs:

You have missed the boat in the South-eastern Conference. This is surprising when one considers that Frank Deford is something of a country-music fan (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Dec. 6, 1965). I would think that he would wangle a trip to Nashville—under the guise, at least, of watching Vanderbilt—so that he could see the *Grand Ole Opry* here in Music City, U.S.A. Surely arrangements could be made to take Frank backstage to meet all the stars.

ROBERT CAREY

Nashville

CALVINISTS

Sirs:

With all the excitement over UCLA's Lew Alcindor, perhaps the achievements of Niagara U.'s diminutive freshman guard, Calvin Murphy (*FACES in the CROWD*, Jan. 31, 1966), have been somewhat overshadowed. A high school All-America from Norwalk, Conn., Calvin has been averaging an incredible 52.8 ppg, while leading the frosh to an 8-1 record. Besides being a deadly shooter from anywhere in the forecourt, he is also a classy playmaker and feeds off for numerous assists, while completely dominating the game. Next year he will undoubtedly lead Niagara to national prominence—and, maybe, a national championship.

HENRY ROMANOVSKY

Trumbull, Conn.

Sirs:

Since you have not done so as yet, I will give your readers something to think about. In nine starts Calvin Murphy has scored 38, 48, 61, 45, 57, 45, 43, 66 and 52 points, for a fantastic 52.8 average. If I remember correctly, Alcindor averaged only 33.1 points a game as a freshman.

JIM HOLLENBECK

Gowanda, N.Y.

CLEAN COWBOYS

Sirs:

Congratulations on the fine article on Dean Oliver and professional rodeo (*Dean of the Facets Men*, Jan. 16). My husband and I know many cowboys and almost without exception they are fine, hard-working and sincere men. I am glad they are finally receiving the recognition they deserve. We Idahobans are especially proud that our state is so well represented in this fast-growing sport.

KAY STONE

Salmon, Idaho

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I will stick to my diet even though my Mustang's Tilt-Away steering wheel is so adjustable.

I will keep the "helpless-female" look by shifting manually only when I'm driving alone. All other times I will let the SelectShift work automatically.

I will catch up on my diary... one of these days.



MUSTANG





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